The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR:
MR. LLOYD GEORGE
SUCCEEDS MR. ASQUITH

The Cabinet crisis in Great Britain came to a culmination on Tuesday of last week, when the Prime Minister, Herbert H. Asquith, resigned. The King, in accordance with the British constitutional method, summoned the Unionist leader, Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, and placed in his hands the office just resigned by Mr. Asquith. Mr. Bonar Law found himself unable to accept the Premiership. Mr. David Lloyd George was then summoned by the King, but hesitated to accept, and a conference of Ministers with the King was held. The result was that Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister will form a Ministry.

A political difference has existed for some time between two sections of the Liberal party. It would probably not be too much to say, also, that these two sections are centered about Mr. Asquith and David Lloyd George. This division, again, is certainly based on divergence of opinion as regards the conduct of the war; one may go further, and say that this divergence is not so much about individual points of policy in conducting the war as it is an outgrowth of dissatisfaction and doubt among the English people. Broadly speaking, they are not entirely satisfied with the present position; they think that something more drastic ought to be done in the prosecution of the war, and, following a political tendency which exists at all times and in all countries, the weight of their dissatisfaction has fallen upon the man who stands at the head of the Government. Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found an interesting and sympathetic account of the English Prime Minister who has just resigned, written by an English journalist and writer of marked ability, whose knowledge both of the trends of English politics and of Mr. Asquith personally is unusual.

For a week or two a struggle has been going on—not, it was declared, to overthrow but to reconstruct the Cabinet. One surmise as to the ultimate difference between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George is that the former holds that the war should be pushed vigorously and to a conclusion in the western field; the latter, in the eastern field. Those who believe with Mr. Lloyd George that the Balkans and the Near East form the most hopeful field for reaching a decision now regard it also as reasonable to say that really the Allies have no choice in this matter, for Germany has already made the eastern field so tremendously important that she must be met in that field, whatever is done elsewhere.

Apart from this suggested, but not proved, ground of difference, the Coalition Cabinet has been constantly attacked, and especially by the so-called "ginger group," which, as the name indicates, wants to put more activity in the conduct of the war. This group, for instance, has been urgent for the appointment of a food controller, for arming merchant vessels against submarines, for more drastic action in Greece, and it has criticised the methods of dealing with the Zeppelin raids, has asked for the resignation of Mr. Balfour as head of the Admiralty, and has blamed the Government for the results of the Rumanian campaign. All this seems to have come to a point in the demand for a smaller War Council. At first it was supposed that this proposal would include the presence of Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister in the Council, but later developments indicated that there was an attempt to exclude Mr. Asquith altogether or to give him perhaps the position of an *ex-officio* chairman, without a voice in the counsels of the body.

The Coalition Cabinet as it stood before Mr. Asquith's resignation consisted of twelve Liberals, ten Unionists, and one Laborite. As our readers remember, Mr. David Lloyd George has been Secretary for War, but it was reported last week that he had resigned that office. No doubt there will be a reconstruction of the Cabinet, whoever is its head. Mr. Asquith, who has just resigned, has been a Member of Parliament for thirty years, was Home Secretary under Gladstone, became

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Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1906, and two years later Prime Minister. Mr. Bonar Law has been described as representing in Parliament the business men of the nation. He is himself an iron merchant, was born in Canada, and has been in Parliament for sixteen years.

THE PLIGHT OF THE RUMANIANS

Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, fell December 6. German and Bulgarian forces advanced on Bucharest from the north, the south, and the west. The situation was described in The Outlook last week, and during the week under discussion the news has simply been of continued advance upon the doomed city. According to all probabilities, the Rumanian armies will do well if they can retreat from the neighborhood of Bucharest to the northeast, and there join the Russian forces coming down through Moldavia.

The hope of Rumania to retain at least some part of southern Rumania seemed a week ago to rest chiefly on the ability of Russia to bring forces to her rescue. It was an encouragement to that hope, therefore, that tremendous attacks by Russian forces were reported as taking place upon the mountain passes which separate that part of Russia from Transylvania. It was evident that if Russia could force an entrance into Transylvania through these passes it could place an army to the north or rear of General von Falkenhayn's army now advancing into Rumania. All these efforts, however, have not, up to the date we write, succeeded in breaking through the barrier. Moreover, the Austro-German forces assert that they have repelled Russian attacks in the Danube lowlands, capturing 12,500 men. To the distant reader of despatches the future even of northern Rumania seems to hinge on the possibilities of a large military effort on the part of Russia.

In the other fields of battle nothing of startling importance took place.

THE TREACHERY OF THE GREEK KING

Every week it becomes more evident that the Allies cannot move their great army under General Sarrail to the rescue of Serbia and Rumania until a settlement is reached in Greece.

Last week the situation seemed to come to a positive climax when (the King having refused to accede to the demand of the Allies to surrender certain batteries of Greek artillery) forces were landed by the Allies at the harbor of Athens, the Piræus. These forces marched into Athens, it is asserted, after assurances from the King in person that order would be preserved. So far from this, what followed was that when the Allied forces, said to be about three thousand, were in the city they found themselves in a trap surrounded by thirty thousand troops specially held at Athens because they were under the influence of the King. The little force of the Allies was attacked largely, it is said, by Greek reservists without uniform to whom arms had been distributed, but also, it is said, by machine guns which must have belonged to the Greek army. Several of the French officers were wounded, their forces were for a while besieged in Greek governmental buildings which they had occupied, and finally they withdrew after what was reported as a compromise by which the King should give up some of the guns asked for, but not all.

One instance showing the state of things in Athens is that of the incident in which the Mayor of Athens, as we would call him, M. Benakis, who is an adherent of Venizelos, had to defend his house from an attack by rifle fire directed from the house of Prince Ypsilanti, the King's Master of the Horse; and it is alleged that the Princess Ypsilanti, who is a Hungarian, was seen encouraging the attack from her windows.

An outburst of indignation followed the fighting in Athens, and a declaration of facts and policy has been demanded in the British Parliament.

British subjects have been warned to leave Athens, and the opinion is freely expressed, both in England and in Greece, that stringent measures must be taken at once to prevent further treacherous attacks by the King and his followers; to make Athens safe; to give protection to the followers of Venizelos and of the Allies in Greece, who are believed to be in the majority; and to secure the military position of the Allies.

MAETERLINCK'S APPEAL TO AMERICA

The writings of Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet and dramatist, have nowhere been more widely read and appreciated than in America. There is special force, therefore, in his appeal to the American people against what he rightly calls the

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monstrous inhumanity of Germany. This appeal is made through Mr. Pitney, the correspondent in France of the New York "Tribune," and may be found in the "Tribune" of December 6.

The actual condition of the people of Belgium is described in unsparing and evidently heartfelt words:

The population of all Belgium is being systematically starved. Consumption and other diseases stalk through the land.

The miserable inhabitants are dying like animals. Women and children are being herded into Germany to make munitions for the German army. Every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty is being taken, not to German factories, but to the German trenches.

There are fifty thousand Belgians under forced labor digging trenches for the Germans back of Soissons. They are half-starved men, seized from the factories and dragged into the frozen fields of winter, clothed often only in a single garment, driven with the bayonet to dig trenches and set up wire entanglements.

It is not surprising that Maeterlinck declares that there is no precedent in history for such a systematic outrage on a whole people. What is the remedy? In Mr. Maeterlinck's view the following is the only way of bringing pressure upon Germany:

The smaller states have protested. Now let America act. The time for protests is past. Germany is acting; let America act. Let America place herself at the head of a league of neutrals with a policy of action—not to protest, but to act—to force Germany to cease her inhuman policy of slavery and death to the smaller nations. Perhaps a policy of reprisal would serve.

But, whatever it is, it must be a policy of action, not merely a weak, formal protest. Germany must understand that there are will and strength behind a protest. Force is the only argument she will understand or heed.

That America should act and not talk is a conclusion in which all Americans may well join. Whether it should act by itself, calling upon other neutral nations to approve and follow its example, or whether it should do precisely what Mr. Maeterlinck suggests in heading a league of neutrals, is not so certain. What is needed, if Belgium is not to be totally destroyed, is immediate action, and experience shows that forming a league to discuss modes of action means, or may mean, time, conference, debate, delay. In one of these two ways, however, America should invite France, England, and Belgium to set forth their charges, should then call upon Germany to answer them, and then, if the violations of humanity and international law are not refuted or abandoned, should cut off relations with Germany till she returns to the practices of civilized nations.

If there is any more important subject before the President, the State Department, Congress, and the people of the United States, we do not know what it is. So far the Administration has not made any official statement to the American people as to what it has done or tried to do about the deportation of Belgians. The Outlook has already noted the unofficial reports from Washington to the effect that our Government had remonstrated or protested against deportation of Belgians by Germany and the later report that Secretary Lansing had said, "The United States has not made an official protest to Germany, but has suggested to her what a bad effect on neutral opinion, particularly in the United States, such action might have." Inquiry made last week by The Outlook directly to the State Department through a correspondent in Washington brought out the reply that the Department was not then ready to make any statement whatever to the public on this question, but that such a statement might be made a few days later. Emphatically this is a case for vigorous and, above all, for instant action.

"ON TO CZARGRAD"

Perhaps more important than any development of the war since the avowal of belligerence by Rumania, and possibly to prove more important than that, is the announcement that the Allies have promised to let Russia have Constantinople and the Dardanelles in the event that their cause is victorious. As this announcement was made by Premier Trepof, the new Russian Premier, in an address to the Duma, the declaration must be considered official and conclusive.

As quoted by a semi-official news agency, the Premier's declaration to the Duma was in part as follows:

"We then [after Turkey's entrance into the war] concluded an agreement with our allies, which establishes in the most definite manner the right of Russia to the straits and Constantinople. Russians should know for what they are shedding blood, and, in accord with our allies, announcement of this agreement is made to-day from this tribune.

"Absolute agreement on this point is firmly established among the Allies, and there is no doubt that after she has obtained sovereign

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possession of a free passage into the Mediterranean Russia will grant freedom of navigation for the Rumanian flag, which now, not for the first time, floats in battle side by side with the flag of Russia."

This announcement has tremendous significance; first, for the present, and second, for the future. The immediate importance of this public promise that Russia will realize her dream of the ages if the Allies win is the great stimulative effect this will have on Russia's energy in the war, and the consequent advantage which may be expected to result to the cause of all the Allies.

Russia wants Constantinople for military reasons, for commercial reasons, and for sentimental reasons. The military and commercial reasons are largely the same. With Constantinople and the straits in the possession of a foe Russia without an ice-free port is hobbled and hamstrung. Her industries and agriculture can be tied up just as they are now when much of the crops of three years which might be feeding her allies are locked in Russia by German and Turkish possession of the straits.

Russia's sentimental reasons for wanting Constantinople are no less potent than material considerations with the emotional Slavs. Russia's religion came from ancient Byzantium, and since the seat of Eastern Christianity was captured by the Ottomans in 1453 the Russians have never ceased to hope, pray, and plan for its recovery. They hailed the entrance of Turkey into the war with glee, and the Czar called upon all the Russians to hasten to regain Czargrad (Czar's City), as Constantinople is called by the Muscovites. A war for Constantinople is a holy war for Russia, a war which almost all groups and factions in the Czar's Empire can be counted to support. The possession of this common aspiration in renewed intensity may be hoped to eliminate much of the discordance and internal friction that has hindered Russia in her past conduct of this war. In particular, it may be hoped to prove profoundly discouraging to the pro-German party in Russia, whose activities have been as persistent as they have been pernicious in the eyes of all true Russians.

RUSSIA'S FUTURE AND EUROPE'S

The significance of Russian possession of the straits and Constantinople for the not-immediate future, the future of the world after the close of this war, is harder to weigh than its immediate meaning. The desirability of this for the future is largely dependent on the course of the internal development of Russia. If Russia after the war gets a more constitutional and less autocratic form of government, her possession of her long-desired Czargrad would probably endanger the peace of the world less than the ownership of the ancient city by any other nation or group of nations. But Constantinople in the grip of a selfish and reactionary autocracy like the present Government at Petrograd cannot be contemplated without trepidation. With the power to throw the whole Empire into war in the hands of one weak and avaricious man, and with the Slavic populations of Central Europe as an evident stimulus to his cupidity, what future wars might not be risked by giving Constantinople to a reactionary Russia? On the other hand, Russia's natural and historical claims on "New Rome" seem to exceed those of any other one nation. And to the control of the city by an international commission there are the usual disadvantages of divided responsibility.

In short, whether the grip of Russia on Constantinople would prove well for the world or not depends largely on the success or failure of the Russian people's unceasing struggle for a government approaching in responsiveness to popular will the governments of the peoples with which the Russians are allied in this war.

But the fact remains that Premier Trepof's announcement marks a turning-point in European history. England and France now strive to fulfill the very Russian ambition which they strove to frustrate in 1853–6 and in 1878. Does the present purpose of England and France to accomplish what they opposed in the Crimea with arms and at the Congress of Berlin with diplomacy constitute proof that their former efforts were mistaken? Or are those past accomplishments and the present purpose both justified by the demands of that fetish, the "balance of power"?

At any rate, before the Allies carve their Turkey they must cook it.

GERMANY AS MISS DOTY SAW IT

Last week we gave an account of the articles by Miss Madeleine Z. Doty on her experience in Germany, which are appearing in the Chicago Sunday "Tribune" and in the Sunday editions of the New York

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"Tribune." We pointed out at that time one reason for the difference between Miss Doty's report and the report of Mrs. Gallison which is appearing in The Outlook. Miss Doty is what is known as a "social worker." She is a lawyer, and has been interested in the welfare of prisoners. Naturally when she went to Germany she sought to find what effect the war was having upon the poor. Most travelers do not know how to find the poor, but Miss Doty did. The casual visitor to New York would see little of what is familiar to the people who live in the social settlements.

And Miss Doty says in the article which was published on December 3 that "official Germany denies its poor and hides them." In searching for Germany's suffering babies she went to one of the "babies' centers" one afternoon. There were no babies, though she found "a doctor, two white-clad nurses, three beautifully equipped rooms, and row upon row of index cards." Before she left one "quite normal-looking baby arrived." Then she was taken by a social worker to the north of Berlin. "There little children swarmed, dirty, ragged, barefooted, and pale. This is a new state of affairs for Germany," says Miss Doty. She tells what she saw there. She describes a family who could not afford to eat at the feeding-kitchens and who were living on tea and potatoes.

Miss Doty tells about the troubles the working people are put to to buy their food. At a market, at one booth a butcher was presiding over a wholly empty counter. A little old woman was weeping bitterly because she needed fat and she could no longer endure marmalade; and yet she could not even buy the meat that was displayed at the market, because she was permitted by the police to buy only from her own butcher, and her own butcher had no meat and no fat. As a suggestion that even the domestic animals resent police domination Miss Doty tells an amusing story of a mild-appearing horse that nipped a policeman who was shoving people about.

The people with means, Miss Doty says, do not have to stand in line. They can send their servants. They do not have to get permission from the police to buy cotton stockings. Without permission they can buy stockings of silk. In Germany the women's hearts are sore, she says, but they dare not rebel. In France, where Miss Doty nursed wounded soldiers, they discuss anything they please. In Germany the common soldiers dare talk only what they are taught.

Germany's mistake, Miss Doty thinks, is that the Government there has failed to distinguish between personal efficiency and industrial efficiency. The world, she says, would do well to copy Germany's industrial efficiency; "but Germany's attempt to apply her system to individuals is creating havoc."

This is the other side of the shield, one side of which Mrs. Gallison tells of in this issue of The Outlook.

CONGRESS

On Monday of last week the short session of Congress began. It is really a finishing session, because it must consider much legislation left over from the long session.

Chief in that legislation are the railway bills advocated by President Wilson at the time of the passage of the Eight-Hour Law.

Another important domain of legislation is represented by the conservation measures, now in conference between the Senate and the House of Representatives, in regard to the use of water power and other natural resources in general, and on the public lands in particular. The bill passed by the House of Representatives at the long session legalizing the claims of individuals and corporations to naval oil reserve lands has called forth specially adverse comment.

Other measures left over from the last session cover the subjects mentioned by the President in his Message.

The new measures to come before Congress divide themselves generally into appropriation bills and food control bills. As to the first, the estimates submitted to Congress break all records, exceeding the actual appropriations for 1916 by some $84,500,000. There will be approximately fifteen appropriation bills, and their consideration usually takes up the greater portion of all short sessions of Congress.

The food control bills provide in general for an embargo on foodstuffs for one year, for power to the President to suspend exportation when the price of the product becomes extortionate, for making unlawful the transportation of food kept in cold storage unless the article be properly stamped with the date of storage, and for the prohibition of the storage of products for more than ten months, with the exception of butter, which may be stored a year; finally, for the abolishment of parcel post zones and for the permission of

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the shipment of foodstuffs at more advantageous rates. Against the embargo proposals there is already evident a strong public sentiment.

It will thus be seen that the short session of Congress, which expires at noon on March 4, 1917, has its work "cut out" for it; we are not surprised, therefore, at the proposal that the usual Christmas recess be omitted.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Following the custom which he himself revived, President Wilson appeared in person before Congress on Tuesday of last week to deliver his annual Message. He was greeted with great applause by the members of his own party as an expression of satisfaction at his re-election. That it was, however, something greater than a political demonstration was indicated by the fact that in the applause many Republicans joined. One feature of the ovation accorded to the President was the display from the galleries of a woman suffrage banner which bore the inscription, "Mr. President, what will you do for woman suffrage?" As this banner was displayed in violation of the rules of the House, it was promptly removed.

The President's Message was brief and comparatively definite, and, though somewhat involved in style, was unadorned with rhetorical figures. It was largely devoted to a repetition of his recommendations presented to Congress last summer concerning railway legislation. When the threat of a railway strike came to a crisis in the beginning of September, the President made six recommendations for legislative action. Two of these—the establishment of the eight-hour day as a basis of work and wages for all employees engaged in the operation of trains, and the authorization of a commission to observe the results of the adoption of an eight-hour day in railway transportation—were followed by Congress in the enactment of the Adamson Law. Three of the other recommendations he now renews—namely, provision for the enlargement and reorganization of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in order to enable it to deal with its increasing duties; the adoption of an amendment to the existing Federal statute to provide for full public investigation before a strike or lockout may be lawfully attempted; and, in case of military necessity, the grant of authority to the Executive to control the rolling stock of railways, to operate them for military purposes, and to draft train crews and administrative officers into the military service of the Nation.

The other recommendation which he now omits was the explicit approval by Congress of the consideration by the Inter-State Commerce Commission of increasing freight rates to meet the additional expense that might be incurred through the so-called Eight-Hour Law. The omitted recommendation the President now regards as unnecessary, since the Inter-State Commerce Commission, he is convinced, already has authority to consider such increase of freight rates, and legislation by Congress on this subject might be interpreted as casting doubt upon this power as well as upon the inclination of the Commission to do justice.

President Wilson also recommends that Congress by law "extend greater freedom of combination to those engaged in promoting the foreign commerce of the country than is now thought by some to be legal under the terms of the laws against monopoly." He also recommends an amendment to the organic law of Porto Rico, the enactment of a corrupt practices act, making more thoroughgoing the regulation of campaign expenditures, and the "favorable consideration by the House of Representatives" of the bill passed by the Senate which provides "for the promotion of vocational and industrial education."

One matter which the President does not include in his Message may seem a strange omission, namely, consideration of the high cost of living, and particularly of high food prices. Inasmuch as one of the promises of the Democratic party four years ago was to reduce the cost of living, this subject, which is very intimately connected with every household of moderate means, is a matter that concerns Congress; the omission of this subject from the President's Message, however, may be explained by the fact that he does not intend his annual Messages to be comprehensive. Indeed, it has been intimated in the press despatches that the President will lay this matter before Congress in a special communication.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION AND THE PRESIDENT

Certainly the President's recommendations concerning railway legislation are of very pressing importance. Some measure to make railway strikes by concerted action impossible

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during Federal investigation of the merits of the controversy involved is vital to the interest of the public. It has been objected that any such legislation would interfere with the liberty of the individual—would be, in fact, a modified form of slavery! We have already pointed out that this is not so. What the President says in his Message on this point ought to put an end to any such argument. We quote this comment verbatim:

To pass a law which forbade or prevented the individual workman to leave his work before receiving the approval of society in doing so would be to adopt a new principle into our jurisprudence which I take it for granted we are not prepared to introduce. But the proposal that the operation of the railways of the country shall not be stopped or interrupted by the concerted action of organized bodies of men until a public investigation shall have been instituted which shall make the whole question at issue plain for the judgment of the opinion of the Nation is not to propose any such principle. It is based upon the very different principle that the concerted action of powerful bodies of men shall not be permitted to stop the industrial processes of the Nation, at any rate before the Nation shall have had an opportunity to acquaint itself with the merits of the case as between employee and employer, time to form its opinion upon an impartial statement of the merits, and opportunity to consider all practicable means of conciliation or arbitration. I can see nothing in that proposition but the justifiable safeguarding by society of the necessary processes of its very life.

We should go further than the President. It would not be slavery to limit the right of even an individual to stop work on a public utility any more than it is slavery to make it illegal for a sailor to desert his vessel in the midst of a voyage.

Opportunity for comment on the other subjects of the President's Message will arise as Congress considers them; but this subject of railway legislation is of such immediate and pressing importance that Congress ought to act at once. We repeat what we said in the issue of The Outlook for November 29, that there should be no delay in putting through a Federal law "making it a criminal offense for men to combine in order to interfere with the orderly legal processes of ascertaining the facts in a labor dispute, testing the legal rights of the disputants, and reaching a conclusion under authority of law as to the operation of any labor law or the merits of any specific dispute."

THE PROGRESSIVES AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

In a statement issued last week a group of Progressives who supported the Republican National ticket suggested that the Republican Campaign Committee, which consists of ten regular Republicans and six former Progressives, be continued as an executive committee of the party. In the course of their statement these Progressives, which consisted of Chester H. Rowell, of California, Gifford Pinchot, Raymond Robins, James R. Garfield, William Allen White, and Harold Ickes, say:

We welcome the enactment of progressive measures by any party. But we are firm in the conviction that in the existing two-party system constructive progressivism may best be achieved through the Republican party. But to gain either of these ends the Republican party must be thoroughly progressivized in organization, leadership, and principles.

To this end this group of Progressives propose to join with others in calling to a National conference both Progressives and progressive Republicans in order to reformulate progressive principles and to consider how to put them into effect. These Progressives believe that the Republican party can get the Progressive votes, but in order to get them there must be some assurance, they say, that the Progressive principles, after election, will be put into effect by the Republican party.

That there is a basis for such a demand as these Progressives put forth is evident from certain very striking facts in the recent election. Here are some of them:

New England is considered generally conservative even in its Progressivism, and Rhode Island is a center of New England conservatism. It was the home of Senator Aldrich. The voters of Rhode Island elected a progressively minded Governor, Beekman; but when it came to the Senatorship they chose an inexperienced Democrat, Mr. Gerry, in place of Senator Lippitt, in spite of his ability, because in the minds of the voters he was associated with the Old Guard of the Senate. In New Hampshire Senator Gallinger had been an opponent of the liberal movement led by Robert Bass and Winston Churchill, and had been a bitter and successful foe of the Progressive Rublee; and the answer of the voters there placed New Hampshire in the Democratic column.

In Illinois the only man on the State ticket

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to lead Mr. Hughes was the former Progressive Medill McCormick, candidate for Congressman-at-large.

Ohio and Indiana stand side by side in the geography of commonwealths, but one, long Republican, has become Democratic; while the other, long on the border line between Republicanism and Democracy, seems settled into Republicanism for a generation. What is the explanation? The Republican State campaign in Ohio was a mass of cross-purposes and "pussyfootings," and of an intense eagerness to put Progressive leadership out of business. The State went Democratic. On the other hand, in Indiana, a dominating group of young Republican leaders undertook to deal squarely and unselfishly with the difficult problem in front of them, entered into co-operation with the Progressive leaders, and, though they did not succeed in eliminating all undesirable candidates, impressed the people of Indiana with the dominating progressive spirit and purpose of the rehabilitated Republican organization. Indiana went Republican.

In California circumstances—whether justly or unjustly is not here the point—convinced the voters that the Republican Presidential candidate was in the power or under the influence of the California Old Guard, and they said to themselves: If Mr. Hughes can be influenced by the weak Old Guard of California, what will he do if he comes up against the strong Old Guard in the Senate at Washington? So they reluctantly kept their State out of the Republican column on the National ticket, but swept by a tremendous majority into the United States Senatorship the Progressive and Republican Hiram W. Johnson.

So it was throughout the Far West—in Washington, in Utah, in North Dakota. In all of these and in other States the people struck at the spirit of reaction which they observed in the Republican Old Guardsmen who were the party's oracles and defenders.

Elsewhere in this issue we print some of the letters we have received telling of this spirit of progressivism and its effect on the fortunes of the Republican party. These correspondents put in human terms what is written very legibly in the election figures.

CONSTRUCTIVE PATRIOTISM

Many people have a mistaken idea that the preparedness movement in this country is an indication of militarism. The experiences of England, France, and Germany in the European war ought to convince every man who thinks about it that a true preparedness movement includes, not merely military training, but intellectual and moral education and political and industrial efficiency. This is the view taken, at least, by the National Security League, which has been one of the great agencies in this country in the preparedness movement. The League is now arranging to hold in Washington, on January 25, 26, and 27 next, a National conference which it calls a "Congress of Constructive Patriotism." Brief mention of this forthcoming conference was made in The Outlook last week. "The purpose of this Congress," to quote from the announcement which has been sent out by the Security League, "is the consideration of the basic condition of National security and the development of an efficient National spirit."

Distinguished men from various parts of the country have already agreed to address the meetings of the Congress, which will last for three days and will be concluded by a banquet. The following are the general subjects to be considered:

The scope and effects of universal training and service, both civic and military.

International relations and obligations and the necessity that their nature as affecting the future of this Nation be generally understood.

Governmental and individual efficiency and the injuries which result from their neglect.

The function of education in the development of a true American patriotism.

Practical means and remedies whereby National carelessness and inefficiency may be eliminated, and whereby there may be fostered a patriotism that shall find expression in everyday life.

As individuals, we Americans are among the most capable people on earth. Socially we are far from being the most efficient. Perhaps one illustration will suffice to substantiate this assertion: We make the finest fire apparatus and we have the bravest and most efficient firemen in the world, and yet insurance statistics show that we burn up more millions of dollars of property every year than any other two civilized nations combined. This is largely due to carelessness and inefficiency. We do not see how even the most extreme pacifists can object to a preparedness congress which proposes to discuss "practical means and remedies whereby National carelessness and inefficiency may be eliminated."

This patriotic Congress at Washington de-

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serves to be, and every indication foretells that it will be, attended by a large body of citizens from various parts of the country. In this undertaking the National Security League, of which Joseph H. Choate is Honorary President, Judge Alton B. Parker Honorary Vice-President, Robert Bacon President, and S. Stanwood Menken Executive Chairman, and whose Advisory Board contains the names of some of the wisest and most eminent public men in the United States, deserves the encouragement and support of all those who want American citizenship to mean virility, efficiency, intelligence, and honor.

THE ULTIMATE FOOD COUNCIL

Food commissioners, Governors, and National legislators are all bending their energies towards relief from the high cost of living. They are apparently all taking counsel together to determine how the cost of food may be lowered. They may think that a decision in this matter rests in their hands, but they are deceiving themselves. The decision rests ultimately in that final council of appeal, the American family itself. When the American family learns the true necessity of organizing the distribution of food products, when it gets a definite idea as to what it wants in the way of market facilities, and when it learns some of the fundamental principles of food values, the cost of living will have no other recourse than to get down off its high horse.

In one American family of our acquaintance the high cost of living has been a frequent subject for debate. As this particular family is run on true republican principles, the children as well as the parents have, and take, the opportunity of urging the adoption of their favorite menus whenever a directors' meeting on the family affairs is held.

Recently the question before the house was the merit of cheese vs. peanut butter as a substitute for meat. The parents voted for cheese and the children voted for peanut butter. Like many cases in the larger world of politics, neither side had any particular facts on which to base its arguments. Each side voted as its palate dictated.

But, being wiser than some political factions, both sides determined to appeal to some authority to arbitrate this important question. An uncle, who happened also to be a physician, was brought in to give counsel. After a brief session in the uncle's library it was discovered that peanut butter had carried the day by an overwhelming majority. Indeed, the food book consulted declared that no other food equaled, or even closely approached, peanut butter as a balanced ration. It requires less than a pound of peanut butter to provide the daily amount of protein and calories required for an adult worker. We have not yet seen the adult worker who would be satisfied on such a restricted diet; but perhaps the facts which we have given here may throw some light on the proper method of looking for food substitutes and of settling family discussions.

LEARNING FOOD ECONOMY

The question of cutting down the size of the food budget is one which interests even larger families than the one that we have just described. A city is truly only a very large family, and in these days a city health commissioner has to teach his fellow-members of that larger family how best to make both ends meet. Making both ends meet is as important a part of health protection as the inspection of food stores and the cleaning of milk-cans.

So it happens that Chicago's Health Commissioner, Mr. John Dill Robertson, has been conducting an interesting test in order to demonstrate the value of rations which are both balanced and cheap. He has been trying the experiment of feeding a diet squad on forty cents a day per person. On this allowance he has succeeded in providing such daily menus as the following:

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Griddle cakes, syrup
Coffee

DINNER
Consommé with rice
Leg of lamb
Candied sweet potatoes
Creamed cauliflower
Mock plum pudding, hard sauce

SUPPER
Lyonnaise potatoes
Cold meat
Cocoa Sugar cookies

The mock plum pudding is composed, it may be interesting to learn, of the following articles:

1 cup grated raw carrots, 1 cup grated raw potatoes, ½ cup melted butter, 1 cup sugar, 1

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cup flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups raisins.

The receipt given for combining this list to form a nutritious dessert reads as follows:

"Mix carrots, potatoes, melted butter, and sugar, and then add flour, mixed and sifted, with the other dry ingredients. Add the raisins, that have been dredged with a little of the flour. Steam two and one-half hours, or less if small molds are used."

In our masculine blindness we had always supposed that dredging was done with a steam shovel, but apparently we are mistaken. According to the Chicago Commissioner, it appears that it can be done "with a little flour."

BEATING THE EGG MARKET

As might be expected, the price of eggs at this time of year has assumed the leadership in the upward trend of food products. Some of this rise in price is, of course, due in part to the natural inclination of hen-kind to refuse to lay eggs in cold weather. The White Leghorn, for instance, which generally comes out on top in all egg-laying contests, is particularly susceptible to the influence of the cold. Heavier breeds of hens, such as Plymouth Rocks and the Rhode Island Reds, also drop down in their egg production at this time of year.

It appears, however, that the effect of the natural perversity of hens upon the prices of eggs has been aggravated this year by the retention in cold storage of eggs secured during the time when eggs were both cheap and plentiful. Cold-storage eggs can most properly be used to distribute throughout the year inequalities between the supply of and the demand for eggs, but if eggs are held out of the market purely to raise the price then the situation is essentially unjust.

So general has been the impression that this is the case to-day that in the East a boycott has been instituted with the purpose of bringing down the price of cold-storage eggs to thirty-five cents a dozen at retail. So far this hope has not been realized.

Another step to prevent the hoarding of eggs in cold storage has been made at the instance of the New York State Commissioner of Foods and Markets, Mr. John J. Dillon. On the authority of his office he has issued an order that all eggs held in storage in the State must be marked "cold storage." He hopes by this means to force these eggs upon the market.

Governor Whitman, with the present food situation before him, has appointed a committee to suggest legislation to cut down the high cost of living. He has secured as the Chairman of this Committee Mr. George W. Perkins, who has already exhaustively studied the market situation in New York City. It is to be expected that Mr. Perkins's ability as an organizer and an executive will prove of advantage to the citizens of New York.

KEEPING EGGS AT HOME

The housewives who are now boycotting the hoarders of eggs have one remedy in their hands which they do not need to wait for the findings of Mr. Perkins's Committee in order to apply.

It is not particularly difficult for any householder with more room than is to be found in the average city kitchenette to maintain a private "cold-storage plant" for eggs.

It requires only the foresight to purchase fresh eggs in the spring, when they are cheap and plentiful, and to preserve these same eggs until the following winter, when they are scarce and dear.

Eggs can be preserved for a much longer time than this in crocks filled with a solution of water-glass or silicate of soda. A large crockful of eggs bought in the spring is an excellent way of dodging the exactions of the "egg trust" or of our reluctant hens.

THE ILLUMINATION OF "MISS LIBERTY"

For thirty years the Goddess of Liberty has stood in New York Harbor welcoming foreigners to this land. But during these thirty years the inspiration of the goddess has been palpable only half of each day. During the other half the great bulk of the statue towering above little Bedloe's Island has been only a misty mass at a distance of a few hundred yards, and even the torch in Liberty's hand has appeared like any common beacon.

But now the inspiration of Liberty is shed over one of the busiest harbors in the world twenty-four hours a day. Indeed, now the statue is even more prominent a feature of New York's harbor by night than by day. After dark the great shining figure of the goddess dominates the upper harbor, and is

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perhaps the most prominent landmark in New York's entire sea and land view from Harlem to the Narrows, with the exception of the Metropolitan Tower and the Woolworth Building. For the illumination of the statue of Liberty the country is largely indebted to an enterprising newspaper, the New York "World," which directed the subscription of the fund for the illumination and which led the movement that accomplished the building of the statue's pedestal in 1886. But it is fitting and it is gratifying that the money to keep Liberty shining night and day was subscribed by just such a wide and representative body of American citizens as subscribed for that pedestal—a mass of people as truly representative of the real America as the mass of French men and women who gave the statue to the United States were representative of the great democracy of France.

The ceremonies attending the illumination of the statue were as impressive as the shining goddess herself. When the sunlight waned, the two great dreadnoughts Texas and New York, which were anchored near Bedloe's Island, suddenly flashed against the darkened sky, their outlines glowing from stem to stern and from water line to fighting top with electric sparks. Then the great Sperry searchlight in Brooklyn, the most powerful searchlight in the world, swung its huge finger over and up the Hudson River and indicated to the people of two States the slow progress of the Presidential yacht, the Mayflower, down the river to the foot of the statue. As the masthead lights of the Mayflower began bobbing in the short chop below the Battery a speck of flame like a shooting star sped across the sky toward Bedloe's Island. That was Miss Ruth Law, who recently established the new American record for cross-country flight. Suddenly a red rocket soared from the Mayflower. At this signal the Texas and the New York covered themselves with shadow. A few seconds later what had been a darker patch on the dark sky became the Statue of Liberty, flaming in a ghostly green-white phosphorescent effulgence. Then Miss Law let down two fiery comet tails from her biplane and a moment later spelled out on the bottom of her machine in great, gleaming letters the word "Liberty."

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

The lighting of the statue is a triumph of modern science. Instead of being decked out in bright electric light bulbs, like a Broadway sign, the goddess is literally bathed in light, which is thrown on her from fifteen projector batteries. One of these is attached to her figure, but the others are placed around her like mortars on small buildings and on the ground. The effect is much more striking and much more beautiful than if the lights merely pricked out the outline of the goddess. "Miss Liberty," as some of the little girls who have contributed to the fund for her radiancy call her, literally glows in brilliant greenish-white. Oddly enough, the effect is to make her seem smaller than she seems by day if you view her near at hand, but larger if you look at her from a distance. The statue is lighted by what is called the "flood lighting" system. This is the same system by which the buildings at the Panama-Pacific Exposition were illuminated. Another triumph of science is the ignition of the torch which Liberty holds skyward in her great right hand. A steady light and a fluctuating light are combined in a way to give the electric beacon such an uncertain flicker and flare as a wood or bark torch would have.

By Act of Congress the Government has accepted the light of Liberty as a gift of the people, and has undertaken to keep that ray burning continually. There is a patent symbolism in this. The goddess will now beam upon the world twice as many hours a day as she has in the past. Will the Nation which pays for her lumination redouble that other light of Liberty, the spiritual light, by which this Nation has tried to steer and by which this Nation's birth was witnessed?

FOOTBALL COMMENTS

Thanksgiving Day added few facts of interest to the record of the football season of 1916. The second defeat of the University of California by the University of Washington, the defeat of Cornell by Pennsylvania, and, most interesting of all, the defeat of Brown by Colgate by a score of 28 to 0, are perhaps the features most deserving of comment. Colgate's remarkable record for the year, in which it lost but one game, that to Yale, and finished by defeating Brown, the overwhelming conqueror of both Harvard and Yale, is certainly worth attention and praise.

With the conclusion of the football season comes an inevitable question to all those who read the sporting columns of the daily press. It is a question which agitates many minds

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in about as profitless a manner as can well be imagined.

In the days when Walter Camp was a truly ecclesiastical authority in the football world and when Yale continuously rolled through her opponents like a modern Juggernaut of war, it may possibly have been feasible to pick out eleven players who stood head and shoulders above their fellow-devotees of the game of football. At least it was done then and generally accepted by the public.

The most sensible comment upon the attempt to select an all-American team or a championship team which we have recently seen was written by Mr. W. O. M'Geehan, in the New York "Tribune." We take the liberty of quoting from Mr. M'Geehan's remarks:

> Of all games football is the one which does not call for the selection of an All-American, an All-Eastern, or an All-Anyoldkind of team. It is the one game where the individual counts the least. You have logic and figures upon which to base the selection of an All-American track team or an All-American baseball team, but there is no settled logic and there is no scheme of mathematics upon which you may base the selection of an All-American football team or an All-Anysection team.
>
> Also, it is obviously impossible to select a championship team for any section. The game calls for too much physically from its players to make it possible to stage a sufficient number of games to decide a football championship. Players who have put forth all that they could muster against a traditional rival might show up stale against an inferior football team a week later. Certain games call for the supreme effort; others are merely football games to fill in a schedule.

We thought we had discovered another convert to common sense in a sporting writer in the New York "Evening Sun" when we ran across the headline, "All-America Evil Should Be Curbed." We were prepared to give a hearty indorsement of the writer's views, when we read further and discovered that under this caption he was merely putting forth a proposition to appoint an official committee of experts to select an annual all-America football team. The proposer of this ingenious idea thinks that "an official selection by such experts would be accepted as eminently fair by football fans who by this time are wise to the worthless hodgepodge which is fed to them by persons whose knowledge of gridiron tactics is limited."

Something besides a knowledge of "gridiron tactics" is required to understand the purpose and the end of the game of football or of amateur athletics.

THE NATIONAL DUNES PARK AGITATION

When a party of the leading European natural scientists visited the United States three years ago to inspect personally our natural wonders, they were all of one mind that the four phenomena they wanted to see most of all were the Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, and the Indiana Sand Dunes. That they named the last with the first three was a surprise to many people who had not then realized that our Lake Michigan dunes, with their multicolored shifting scenery, their welcome to all the plants and trees of the North and the South, the East and the West, and their indescribable responsiveness and sympathy with the mood of their visitors, are unique among the world's littoral sands. Now there is danger of the enterprise of commerce despoiling this region of its wildness and openness, as it has already done on the sites of Gary and Michigan City, and business men, educators, botanists, geologists, artists, lovers of the out-of-doors, and social workers have all united in an effort to have the Federal Government preserve the rest of the dunes in a National Park.

For Congress to secure this park would be establishing a new precedent. Hitherto the National parks have been carved out of the public domain or accepted as gifts; but since the thirty square miles of open dune country are owned by private individuals and corporations, Dune Park must be bought; and since it so happens that the Federal Government is the only agency that can institute some necessary condemnation measures, Congress must at least be the nominal purchaser.

By an Act passed last summer, Congress was for the first time authorized to purchase lands for park purposes, and the National Dunes Park Association is urging that Congress initiate this right in creating the Central West Reservation. And that the House need not hesitate at the amount of the appropriation or question the earnestness of the desire for the park when the bill comes before Congress at the winter session, the Association is planning a Nation-wide campaign to raise the larger part of the purchase fund.

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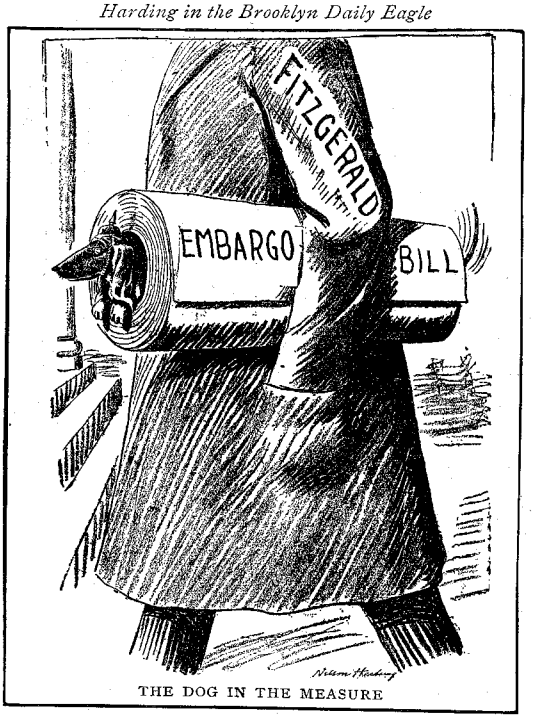
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



THE DOG IN THE MEASURE

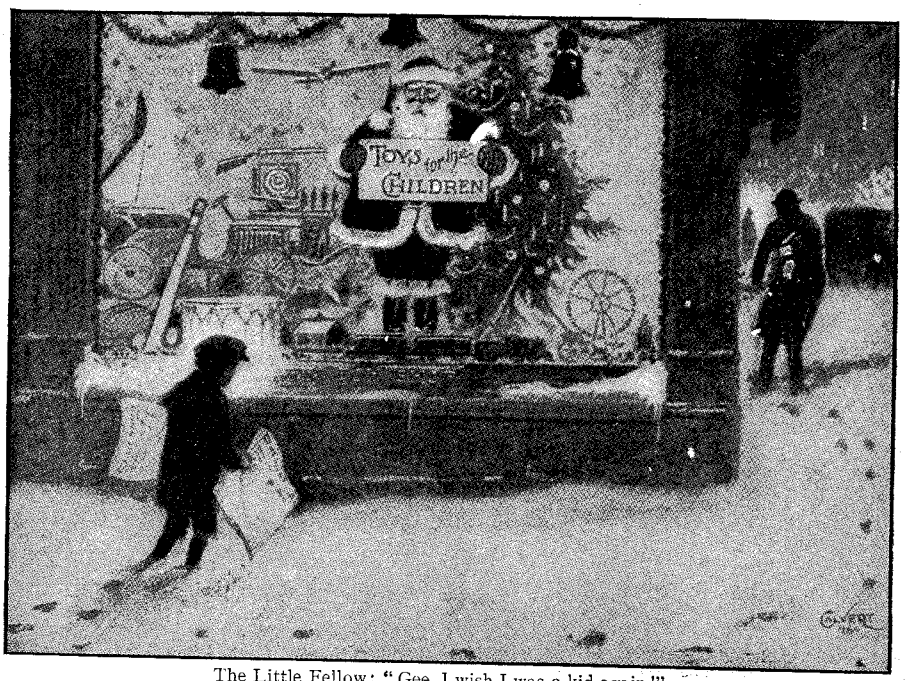
GERMANY WOULD WELCOME AN EMBARGO—IT WOULD HURT THE ALLIES

Kirby in the New York World

BOYCOTTED

MR. EGG MUST BE TAUGHT NOT TO HOLD HIS HEAD SO HIGH

Calvert in Harper's Magazine



The Little Fellow: "Gee, I wish I was a kid again!"

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OLD BEFORE HIS TIME—A CHILD LABOR LAW NEEDED HERE

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From Le Rire (Paris)

PEACE?

"We shall feel more like discussing it when we get on your soil!"

BETTER WAIT A WHILE BEFORE TALKING ABOUT PEACE

From the Westminster Gazette (London)

THE LION THAT GREW

1914

The Kaiser: "A contemptible little creature, my dear Bethmann Hollweg, not worth bothering about!"

1916

Bethmann Hollweg: "What a dreadful menace to Europe!"

BRITISH POWER AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS, IN GERMAN ESTIMATION

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CHIHUAHUA AND THE STRATEGY OF VILLA

To one who is not well acquainted with the scene and the characters in the recent bloody drama centering about the city of Chihuahua the evacuation of that city by Francisco Villa immediately after his capture of it may seem hard to understand. Americans who one day read in their newspapers of the capture of Chihuahua by Villa as an event of importance greatly injurious to the cause of Carranza are quite naturally astonished when they read a day or two later that Villa had relinquished his prize, apparently without a fight.

But the explanation is simple to those who know Chihuahua and Mexican character. Chihuahua, a city of more than thirty thousand, and capital of the State of the same name, is easy to capture and hard to defend. Spread out over and among several small hills surrounded by large mountains, it presents many easy points of attack to the invader, while its extended boundaries necessitate a large force for defense. Having captured the city by strategy equal to that which won him his nickname of the "Fox" and by the dashing bravery for which he is equally celebrated, Villa found that to hold the city against the rapidly increasing Carranza army was quite a different task. Moreover, the capture of cities is suited to Villa's nature and the nature of his followers, while to defend a beleaguered citadel is a task which the Villistas have never loved. For them probably their capture of the hill of Santa Rosa, known as "the key to Chihuahua," in yelling, crazy attack was easier than to defend the same place would be.

Villa loves to attack. He hates to wait to be attacked. It was this very impetuosity coupled with a saving shrewdness which won him his greatest victories against Huerta. It was this same impetuosity, minus his usual craftiness, which led him to blunder into Obregon's trap in the battle of Celaya, the first large-scale crushing defeat the Durango mountain lion ever suffered. His evacuation of Chihuahua loaded with loot was in keeping with the bandit tactics he used before he became famous, just as much as it was in keeping with the policy he has followed since shorn of his greatest power by Carranza's generals. In less than two months Villa has captured Santa Rosalia, Jimenez, Parral, and Chihuahua, and evacuated all of them after looting to his heart's content. The fact that he gives up his prizes after stripping them hardly makes him less dangerous to Carranza, however. Villa must be captured, "dead or alive," to use a phrase which ought to make Americans blush, before there can be anything like permanent law and order in northern Mexico.

As we go to press, the last report of Villa had it that he was retreating with two trainloads of booty westward over the Mexican Northwestern Railway. This course would very quickly bring him within seventy-five miles of General Pershing's advance guard, and within the very territory patrolled by Pershing's forces before they retreated after the ambush at Parral. Because of the restraint placed upon him by Washington, General Pershing finds himself in a ridiculous position, and one which must be sorely trying to such a splendid soldier.

Perhaps before this reaches our readers Carranza will have replied to the protocol adopted by the American-Mexican Commission. In the meantime the congress of deputies to reform the Mexican Constitution has begun its sessions at Queretaro, and Carranza has outlined to them the reforms which he wants them to make. As the deputies were chosen at elections controlled by Carranza's subordinates, there is little doubt that the congress will know its master.

MARTIAL LAW IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

For a year and a half affairs in the Dominican Republic have been going from bad to worse, and on November 30, under instructions from Washington, martial law was established by the American naval force of occupation.

In 1905, at the Dominican Government's request, the Roosevelt Administration undertook the task of adjusting the controversies arising from the Dominican foreign debt, and for this purpose assumed management of the finances.

In 1907 this executive action was confirmed by a treaty under which an American Receiver-General of Customs collects the receipts at the custom-houses and pays the interest and other charges necessary on the bonds issued to cover the foreign debt, the remainder of the customs receipts going to the Dominican Government for its own use.

Political unrest in the island has now culminated in such a condition as to make the collection and disbursement of revenues at-

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tended with great danger. The authority of American diplomacy, indeed, was markedly lessened during the term of office of the late Minister to the Dominican Republic and of the late Secretary of State. Military authority has now supplanted that of diplomacy, and it is believed that the eighteen hundred marines under Captain Knapp, now landed, will be able to maintain order and prevent revolutionary agitation. Municipal and civil laws will still be administered by the Dominican court.

It is understood that our Government will shortly ask for the ratification of a treaty, similar to that now in force with Haiti, providing not only for American supervision of finance, but for a native constabulary officered by Americans. Thus the whole island of Haiti, comprising the Dominican and the Haitian Governments, would come under one rule so far as we are concerned.

MARJORIE STERRETT'S DIMES

Those who were interested in the labors of Marjorie Sterrett to provide a battle-ship for Uncle Sam's navy will be glad to learn of the purpose to which the money which she and the New York "Tribune" collected will be devoted.

It will be remembered that ten months ago Marjorie Sterrett sent ten cents to the New York "Tribune" with a letter which drew forth a most surprising response to her request for money for the navy. More than two hundred thousand children and grown-ups, following her example, sent in contributions which totaled more than twenty thousand dollars.

Now twenty thousand dollars, while a large sum for a small girl to raise, is a small fund to build a large battle-ship. It appears, however, that Marjorie Sterrett, though she is not to have the honor of having raised the price of a battle-ship, may succeed in raising the standard of efficiency of the battle-ships which the Government has already built.

The Marjorie Sterrett Battle-Ship Fund has now been officially accepted by the Navy Department, and the interest upon it will be devoted to the giving of prizes for marksmanship.

The money, when divided as proposed, will give to each member of a winning crew about twelve dollars. Marjorie Sterrett, the "Tribune," and the Navy Department are all to be congratulated on the final disposal of Marjorie's Battle-Ship Fund.

BACKING OUT OF A BLIND ALLEY

When Congress passed the Hay Bill, it turned off the highroad of genuine military preparedness and entered a blind alley.

Congress had a chance to turn to universal training, and it chose voluntarism.

Congress had a chance to turn towards universal service, and it chose to pay certain selected citizens for carrying the burden which belongs to all.

Congress had a chance to abolish for all time the present divided control of our military forces, to eliminate the individual States as military factors, and it chose to rivet State control upon the military arm of the National Government under a plea of "Federalization."

Then came the mobilization upon the border, and the end of the blind alley came into view.

The task before Congress is, or should be, obvious to all. The country must now be backed out of the blind alley of voluntarism and State control (into which it has been so painstakingly driven) and led out upon the broad and democratic highway which leads towards universal training.

Universal training means that to every fit citizen shall come the chance to learn to defend his home and his country.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPPORTUNITY

No President in recent years, not even Mr. Roosevelt, has been subjected to more searching criticism than President Wilson. Some of that criticism has been undeniably partisan. Some of it has had its origin in prejudice. Some of it has been due to ignorance. And some of it is simply the vigorous expression of a difference of opinion.

Setting aside all criticism of these sorts, the independent observer who is non-partisan, who tries to rid his mind of prejudice, who is fairly well informed, and who recognizes the right of a President to have a definite policy which differs from his own, must take account of the large body of criticism which has been directed, not toward any one specific act of the President's, but toward what has seemed to be his general attitude toward all critical questions.

Fundamentally, this criticism consists in

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declaring that the President has been vacillating, uncertain, infirm, at a time when there was special need of steadfastness and definiteness. Those critics who find this fault with the President do not find fault with him because he has taken a wrong policy toward Germany, for example, but because he has never had, or never seemed to have, any definite, firm, and consistent policy toward Germany at any time. So with Mexico. So with the critical situation that arose in connection with the threatened railway strike. So with preparedness. It has seemed to such observers of the President's course that he has sought to avoid difficulties rather than to overcome them; that he has seemed to be guided by a consideration of temporary circumstances which are continually changing rather than by any well-defined purpose; that he has been willing to be on both sides of the same question at different times; that he has been, not a leader of public opinion, but a reflector of it; that, as one of his own supporters has suggested, he has made a virtue of being flexible.

Such critics cannot forget that the President who declared that he would hold Germany to a "strict accountability" for the lawless destruction of American life on the high seas has not yet succeeded in rendering Germany accountable for what America suffered in the loss of the Lusitania, and has not even prevented the continued lawless attacks by German submarines on peaceful merchantmen bearing American lives. They cannot forget that the President who acted with vigor against Huerta for a failure to observe a stipulated ceremony has failed to act with vigor in the cases of Americans killed by Mexican chiefs with whom the Government had official dealings. They cannot forget that the President who sent an expedition to get Villa alive or dead has failed to get him either alive or dead, and has not yet succeeded even in getting any one else to get him alive or dead. They cannot forget that the President who has urged international action on the basis of humanity has declared that "we are not interested to search for or explore" the causes of the bloodiest war of all time. They cannot forget that the President who urged Congress to act in compliance with the threats of a body of labor leaders took no effective action during the weeks while the threatened strike was impending. It is not with the action or the opinion or the policy of the President that these critics find fault. It is with his inaction, with the absence of any apparently definite and steadfast conviction, with the lack of a policy.

Now that the election is over, now that Congress has reassembled, now that political pressure is somewhat relieved and political distractions have somewhat disappeared, the country can hope for a more definite, more vigorous, and more intelligible policy. There are signs which we welcome of increasing firmness at Washington. To the merely partisan critic this will make no difference. It will make no difference to the critic who is merely prejudiced or ignorant. And of course it will not prevent those who disagree with the President's policy from expressing a difference of opinion. But to those who want firmness, even though it may not be firmness in the direction in which they would like to see it applied, to those who desire leadership, though it may be a leadership in what they think is the wrong direction, such signs of firmness and of leadership will be welcome.

In domestic affairs the President's capacity for leadership has been tested and not found wanting. He has led Congress often where it did not want to go. May not the country look for the exhibition of such leadership in executive matters?

It is for this reason that we welcome reports from Washington that the President's Mexican policy is about to become more definite and more vigorous.

It is for this reason that the country welcomed what the President is reported in the public press to have done in protesting against Germany's lawless action in deporting Belgians, although, as we report elsewhere, no official confirmation of this protest has been made by the State Department.

It is for this reason that we welcome such expressions as the following concerning the European war which the President uttered at the ceremony of illuminating the Statue of Liberty: "Peace cannot come so long as the destinies of men are determined by small groups who make selfish choices of their own. . . . Our long standing and delightful friendship with the people of France has come from a community of ideals."

The election was not so much a vote of confidence in the present Administration as a vote of want of confidence in the leadership of the opposition. In the coming months the President has the opportunity of winning the country's confidence.

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A VOICE FROM THE EAST[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!"

THE first line of this verse of Rudyard Kipling's is the one oftenest quoted. But the moral of "The Ballad of East and West" is in the last two. The West can never duplicate the East nor the East the West. The Puritan can never become an East Indian nor the East Indian a Puritan. Why should they? There is room on God's earth for both Puritan and East Indian. But they can try to understand each other and they can respect each other, and each can learn something from the other.

The first serious attempt to bring about such mutual understanding and mutual respect was the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair (1893). It was followed about ten years later by the mission of Charles Cuthbert Hall to India on the Barrows Foundation. He went to learn as well as to teach truth, and, going in this spirit, found himself warmly welcomed and eagerly listened to by members of the most cultivated classes of that universally misunderstood people. A similar welcome has been given to Sir Rabindranath Tagore on his visit to America. He has come at an inopportune time, when we are absorbed in war and politics and abnormal business conditions. Probably curiosity quite as much as an eager desire for truth has attracted his audiences. Nevertheless they have listened to his message with respect, and, if they have not been converted to his doctrine, they have been captivated by his personality.

The photograph on another page assists me to introduce Sir Rabindranath Tagore to the reader. He is, at a guess, six feet tall and well proportioned. His finely chiseled face wears in repose an air of great serenity, but when he is aroused it glows with an inward fire, for he is a man of strong convictions, and expresses them, whether in friendly conversation or on the platform, with forceful persuasiveness, accompanied by virile but always graceful gestures. He speaks a beautiful English, as one might expect, remembering that the beautiful English of the translations from his works in Bengali is his own. Spoken by him it is musical in intonation, as perfect in pronunciation as in literary form, and wholly free from those provincialisms, degenerating at times into slang, which so often disfigure American conversation, and even at times American oratory. When I met him, he wore a long, flowing, kimono-like robe of rich stuff—I suppose an India silk—which fell in ample folds about his person from his head to his feet, and presented a graceful contrast to the stiff black garments which the masculine American has inherited from his Roundhead ancestors. Clothes are a symbol of character; we might say, of civilization. The loose, flowing robe of the East belongs to a civilization of thought rather than of action. It would be impossible in our crowded subway and trolley cars, difficult in our offices, stores, and streets. If women conquer the economic independence which some of them covet, and work in the factories, mines, offices, and shops with their husbands and brothers, will they wear clothes as ugly as those of their male companions? I wonder. If they do, civilization will pay a good price for their imagined emancipation.

Western definitions of Eastern thinkers are, for a reason presently to be stated, not only inadequate but misleading. It may, however, help the reader to place Sir Rabindranath Tagore if I say that professionally he is a teacher and religiously a member of the Brahmo Somaj. He is the principal and, I believe, the proprietor of a large school in Calcutta with an atttendance of between one and two hundred boys. The fact that there are also some girls in the school indicates Sir Rabindranath's broad and progressive temper. The Brahmo Somaj may be crudely described as a Hindu Protestantism, in which the Hindu faith is preserved, but modified by the influence of Christian ideas and ideals. Sir Rabin-

[1] Sir Rabindranath Tagore: His Life, Personality, and Genius. By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L. Ganesh & Co., Madras.
Sādhanā: The Realization of Life. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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dranath, who teaches that "the deity . . . always dwells in the heart of man as the supreme soul," and who in an article entitled "The Appeal of Christ to India" asks, "Who else has glorified man in every way as he has done?" may perhaps be said to hold a view of the divinity of Christ not widely different from that of liberal Christianity. But a truce to theological definitions. Sir Rabindranath Tagore belongs to that increasing number of spiritual souls who, whatever their ecclesiastical affiliations, cannot be classified. Like Henry Ward Beecher, who was a Congregationalist—and more; like Phillips Brooks, who was an Episcopalian—and more; like Edward Everett Hale, who was a Unitarian—and more; Rabindranath Tagore is a member of the Brahmo Somaj—and more. In such natures the abounding spiritual life spills over the appointed boundaries of theological and ecclesiastical systems.

In what follows I shall not attempt to describe to Western readers the opinions of this representative Eastern sage. I shall content myself with describing the impression which he has made upon me by his personal conversation and by some of his published writings.

Like other leaders of Indian thought, he recognizes the value of British rule. It protects persons and property, and is in the main a just rule, very different from that which Lord Macaulay so graphically describes in his articles on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. But it is unsympathetic. British officials not only do not understand the East Indian mind, they make no attempt to understand it. Their calm assumption of superiority, which irritates at times one who is as fond of the mother country as I am, is unbearable to this ancient race. The very things of which we Anglo-Saxons are so proud are distasteful, almost abhorrent, to the cultivated Hindu. Our big cities, our sky-scrapers, our crowded subway trains and trolley cars, our great factories, our assembly halls crowded with two or three thousand auditors, our great religious meetings where ten thousand give vent to their enthusiasm in singing heard several blocks away, our great newspapers which invade our quiet breakfast-room with all the added rush and bustle of the wide world—from all this he turns away wearied and perplexed. What is the good of it all? We think we save time. We are wasting time; for our remorseless hurry to do something and get somewhere leaves us no time to think. Meditation is a lost art. "Man must realize the wholeness of his existence, his place in the infinite." What chance to realize his place in the infinite has the laborer who works ten hours a day in a perpetually clanging factory, or the capitalist who takes his account-books to bed with him and wakes in the night to wonder one night how he can double his capital, another night how he can save himself from bankruptcy? "Man must know that when man shuts himself out from the vitalizing and purifying touch of the infinite and falls back upon himself for his sustenance and his healing, then he goads himself into madness, tears himself into shreds, and eats his own substance." Is this what we are doing? This is what the Eastern sage thinks we are doing. His message is at least worth our consideration.

"What," I hear the Westerner ask, impatiently, "would this sage have? Does he want me to imitate the East Indian devotee—take up my begging bowl, sit by the roadside, beg my food of those more industrious than myself, and absorb the infinite and be absorbed by it through meditation?" No, replies Sir Rabindranath. "It will never do the least good to attempt the realization of the infinite apart from the world of action." And again: "The more man acts and makes actual what was latent in him, the nearer does he bring the distant Yet-to-be." Insistence in the doing and becoming gives in the West "the intoxication of power." Insistence on meditation as the only means of spiritual development gives in the East "the intoxication of the spirit." In this I agree with Sir Rabindranath. Not till we learn how to make the end of our action not merely bigger factories but bigger men, not merely bigger houses but sweeter homes, not merely the creation of things that perish with the using but the development of imperishable spirits worthy to be sons and companions of the All Father—not till thus East and West do meet shall we find the solution of life's tragic mystery.

This profound conviction that modern—perhaps I should say Western—civilization is sacrificing reality for illusion, the spiritual for the material, man for things, underlies the Eastern hostility to Western life. I do not think Ruskin ever visited the East or was ever familiar with Oriental thought, but his abhorrence of the ugliness of modern civilization is thoroughly Oriental. "Formerly the

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Ganges was a beautiful river. But great factories with their smoking chimneys have been planted along its banks, and now its beauty is gone. . . . You can cut down a tree and burn it, and it will give you warmth. But it will no longer give you blossoms and fruit." We are tardily beginning to learn this truth in America. Our municipal, State, and National park systems are a result of our awakening to the value of beauty.

We live in an age of great organizations—commercial, industrial, political, educational, religious. They are our pride. They are an object of dread to Sir Rabindranath Tagore. He sees the individual lost in the corporation, the labor union, the Nation, even in the Church. What he dreads finds its expression in our saying that "corporations have no souls." To lose our souls and get a great corporation is a poor bargain. When I read his Carnegie Hall speech I said to myself, "This is individualism pure and simple." And then I took up my copy of "Sādhanā" and read these pregnant sentences:

> Children, when they begin to learn each separate letter of the alphabet, find no pleasure in it, because they miss the real purpose of the lesson; in fact, while letters claim our attention only in themselves and as isolated things, they fatigue us. They become a source of joy to us only when they combine into words and sentences and convey an idea. Likewise, our soul when detached and imprisoned within the narrow limits of a self loses its significance. For its very essence is unity. It can only find out its truth by unifying itself with others, and only then it has its joy.

But "this principle of unity which man has in his soul" and which "is ever active, establishing relations far and wide through literature, art, and science, society, statecraft, and religion," must be a spiritual unity, a real brotherhood, not a democratic absolutism. It must be a natural expression of the spirit of fellowship which we have for one another, not a forced and formal organization created and maintained for the purpose of making money or winning battles. The difference between the two is well illustrated by the difference between the organization of France and Germany in the present war. Such at least is my reading of the Eastern sage's conception of what organization should be. How to secure the efficiency of organization and preserve and promote the liberty and development of the individual is one of the unsolved problems of our time, and light from any quarter on this problem we may well eagerly welcome.

When I turn from Sir Rabindranath Tagore as a teacher on social and political themes to his religious teaching the difficulty of interpreting him in terms of Western thought becomes insuperable. It is in the religious realm that the difficulty of bringing about even an intellectual meeting between the East and the West is greatest. All that I can here do is to indicate the radical difference between these methods of thought.

We Westerners attempt to make all our mental processes scientific. We want a reason for everything and an exact definition of everything. We are not content with a feeling of awe in the presence of a Power greater than our own in nature, and a pervasive spirit of justice and mercy animating and so uniting humanity in a common brotherhood, in States, churches, moral reform movements, and humanitarian endeavors for the relief of those in distress—a Spirit greater than ourselves, in us and yet beyond and above us; we must define it and catalogue its attributes. We are not content with a belief that this Power in ourselves and yet not ourselves shares in our pains and sorrows and feels a sympathetic remorse for our sins as a father feels the sins of his son as though they were his own, but, with the nearness to this Great Spirit which this faith brings, we must explain the how and why, and so formulate out of our experiences of friendship a *doctrine* of the atonement. We are not content with the faith that the Great Spirit is brought near to us through human experience, our own experiences of repentance for errors and sins in the past, and our own experience of aspirations for a higher and purer and better life in the future, and by the observed experiences of such higher and purer and better life in others, and pre-eminently in Jesus of Nazareth, the highest, purest, best life that either history or fiction has put before us; but we must organize this experience of ours into a doctrine of the Trinity. We treat our spiritual experiences as scientific facts or mathematical formulæ, and try to define them as we define chemical substances or geometrical symbols.

All this is foreign to the Oriental. He is not scientifically inclined. He has no wish for exact definitions. They are to him unmeaning. These experiences transcend definitions. They belong to a different world. A triangle is always a triangle, and oxygen

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is always oxygen. But no two experiences of reverence, or repentance, or aspiration, or love are the same. The Oriental is quite content to express his own spiritual experiences in his own way, or even merely to possess them without expressing them, and the Oriental teacher appeals directly to these spiritual experiences, endeavoring not to teach them as one teaches algebra or physics, but to arouse them in others by his own self-expression, and then leave them to take such form in his hearers' lives as they may. Strictly speaking, the Oriental has no theology, he has only a religion. Sometimes the Occidental has had no religion, only a theology.

I cannot better illustrate this difference than by taking a part of the definition of God given in the Westminster Confession of Faith and the experience of God quoted by Sir Rabindranath Tagore in "Sādhanā:"

"There is but one only living and true God, who is infinite in being and perfection, a most pure spirit, invisible, without body, parts, or passions, immutable, immense, eternal, incomprehensible, almighty, most wise, most holy, most free, most absolute."

"Listen to me, ye sons of the immortal spirit, ye who live in the heavenly abode. I have known the Supreme Person whose light shines forth from beyond the darkness."

I am enough of a mystic to prefer the experience of God to the definition of God.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE ELECTIONS

WHAT SOME OF OUR READERS THINK

SINCE the election the mails have brought us many letters from all over the United States; letters both commending and criticising our interpretation of the results. We have been glad to receive those which commend our interpretation, but perhaps even gladder to receive those from our subscribers who differ with us in their view of the election results. Sometimes we have been moved to accept the letters which criticise us as excellent testimony in proof of our own position; witness one which came to us on the stationery of the Kansas Senate. The writer complained because we referred to his State as "comfortable Kansas" and because we said that Kansas did not understand the issues of the election. He then gives five reasons why Kansas voted for President Wilson. Here are two of the reasons which he gives:

The people of Kansas are peace-loving, and not in favor of war. They believe a vote for Hughes meant trouble.

Republican campaign speakers and Republican newspapers in times past gave McKinley and the Republican party credit for one-dollar wheat. The voters, many of them, took the Republicans at their word and gave President Wilson and the Democrats credit for two-dollar wheat and one-dollar corn. The Republicans simply overtrained us.

Certainly if Kansas is to be judged by this witness she did not understand the issues of the election. Two-dollar wheat and fear of trouble had nothing to do with the problems confronting the American people for solution.

Among the letters which have come to us from Ohio is one which disagrees with The Outlook's interpretation of the election as emphatically as did the letter from this citizen of Kansas, part of which we have just quoted. We certainly find ourselves, however, in much closer sympathy with the point of view of this writer than with the point of view of our Kansas correspondent. Mr. Charles Kirkwood Alexander, of Rushsylvania, Ohio, commends The Outlook for the speed and completeness of its election news, and then continues:

You do us grave wrong, my friend, when you say we have not the *National spirit*. I assure you our first thought was for our Nation's honor and influence. I live in the great State of Ohio. I belong to the lower classes, who have most of the votes, and I am certain that our motives were not unworthy. We resent your classification in a group of "States which demonstrated their inability to think Nationally, which were ready to sacrifice National candidates and policies to local quarrels." If there are any local quarrels in Ohio, we, the common people, are ignorant of the fact, and we give proof of our interest in National candidates by rolling up a plurality of eighty thousand for

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Wilson, while State candidates poll only from fifteen to thirty thousand. . . .

As we talked to our Republican friends, the reason they gave when they got down to rock bottom was the selfish one of a high tariff to protect their own industries. No Nationalism in that, surely. And that was what the campaign orators that the Republican Committee sent to us in these rural counties appealed to—our own selfish interests. We are inclined to suspect, moreover, that the pluralities in the industrial States of the East were due largely to this same selfish interest, while those who valued the Nation's honor voted largely with the President. Of course we may be wrong, but there are several hundred thousand more of us than there are of you, and we feel that our position deserves some consideration in any fair "interpretation."

From Walla Walla, Washington, we have received a letter from a professor in the Department of History of Whitman College, Mr. W. D. Lyman, who also resents the imputation that the West cannot think Nationally. We believe that Mr. Lyman somewhat misunderstands The Outlook's position. The West can, and does, think Nationally; but in the recent election we believe that it thought the choice was between Nationalism without progressivism and progressivism with Nationalism as a possibility for future development. There is much in Mr. Lyman's letter to bear out this view. We quote only in part:

While your statement of the need of a true Nationalism is worthy of all acceptance, I am venturing to express the conviction that you are mistaken in attributing the result of the election to a failure on the part of the supporters of Wilson in the West (that is the implication though not the words of your interpretation) to possess that National consciousness. I have lived during my entire life, with the exception of college years, in Oregon, Washington, and California, and I may claim modestly to know something of the spirit and sentiments of this section. I believe that a thorough acquaintance with the people of the West, particularly of the Pacific States, would confirm my own impression that these States are the most American and most National of all this Union.

If I may venture to offer the opinion which I think prevails here for the tremendous increase in President Wilson's support west of the Mississippi, I would say that it was due to two large, positive opinions which have gained force during the past six months. The first of these is the belief that Wilson is a truer exponent of progressive principles than his opponents, and that both his foreign and domestic policies—with some acknowledged errors of judgment—represent a genuine constructive effort to attain world peace and a united America; or, in other words (just opposite to your interpretation), that Wilson's Administration is headed to a real Nationalism and a new internationalism.

The second great positive opinion has been that Wilson's Administration represents a revolt of the rank and file of workers against the predatory financial interests directed by capitalism and bossism. In brief, Wilson was reelected because the West thought that he was the true Progressive and that he was against "Wall Street." That the Progressives voted for him is obvious from the most cursory glance at the returns.

No matter how any section of the country voted, apparently the best way to arouse a protest from that section is to accuse it of having voted for un-National reasons. It is a healthy sign, and one which promises well for the future.

We have received from Mr. G. W. Cullison, of Harlan, Iowa, a letter which not only supplies an interesting interpretation of the past election, but some excellent portents for the future which political leaders of both parties should read with interest. We quote Mr. Cullison's letter at some length. His own title for the letter which he sends us is—

"THE OUTLOOK'S ERROR"

"In the Outlook of November 15, under the title 'The Meaning of the Election,' it is said: 'To the rural population, especially in the regions west of the Missouri River, the protection of Americans on the sea, and even American cities on the seaboard, has seemed a matter of indifference.' The implication is that because the West failed to support Mr. Hughes and gave Mr. Wilson a small plurality it shows its indifference to the protection of 'Americans on the sea' and of the seaboard cities. The conclusion is not only erroneous but very unjust.

"Mr. Wilson is not popular in the West. He is regarded as a wabbler, either from a lack of knowledge or nerve, or an opportunist who uses questions of great importance to promote his own political ends. His foreign policy, especially his Mexican policy, would have been repudiated in the West if the Republicans had made that the issue. Colonel Roosevelt made, or developed, that issue, but the Republicans in the Eastern States repudiated Mr. Roosevelt and ran away from the issue in the West. When Mr. Hughes entered the political

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arena, he either failed to grasp the issues or lacked the courage to meet them. When he came West on his first campaign tour, the Western Republicans were hopeful and expectant, ready to maintain the rights of all the people on land and sea. But Mr. Hughes talked, for the most part, about removing good Republicans from office and appointing 'deserving Democrats,' with some vague allusions to true Americanism. After the West heard him it said, in its own vernacular, 'Nothin' doin'. He hain't got no pep,' and proceeded to get its wheat ready for the market.

"It was unfortunate that the Republican party chose Mr. Hughes as its leader. He was a good judge in a great and responsible position. He is a great lawyer, and had done excellent service in prosecuting the insurance companies. He embodied no issue. His mind seemed to be wandering. He, no doubt, was a good Governor of New York, but it must not be forgotten that New York is a small part of the United States and getting relatively smaller every year. It had much to do in nominating Mr. Hughes. It did not seem to concern itself much about finding a man who would measure up to the great issues pending. It appeared to busy itself greatly to find a man somewhere who could beat Mr. Roosevelt in the Convention and Mr. Wilson at the polls. Mr. Hughes was selected, not to represent great issues, but to win—'merely this and nothing more.'

"The West has for many years doubted whether either of the great parties in the East had sufficient vitality to generate its own motive power. It has noticed for quite a while that political machines in the East furnished the motive power and both great parties were merely trailers to their machines. Its experience four years ago in the Republican Convention taught the West how brutally a machine would, if occasion required, disregard the will of the people of the West. It was thoroughly mad in 1912. It has not cooled off yet. The West felt this year that what the machines did not boldly attempt they cunningly accomplished. Unfortunately for Mr. Hughes, he was suspected of being the tool of the plotters, notwithstanding his repeated assertion that there would be no invisible government if he were elected. These facts told against him in the campaign. The West abhors political machines and takes great delight in smashing them to 'smithereens.' In this campaign there was a little, squeaking political machine in California. It was really a transplant from New York and Massachusetts, but it did not long run smooth in that climate. It did its very little best to defeat the will of the people in that State, and especially to defeat Governor Johnson. It used Mr. Hughes on his visit to that State to further its own ends. Mr. Hughes appeared to be wholly unaware of the machine's designs. The people smashed the machine, and in so doing struck down Mr. Hughes, the innocent bystander, and elected Governor Johnson for Senator by something like three hundred thousand plurality.

"The people of the West had to decide whether they would longer continue as supporters of the old Eastern political machines or join with the Before-the-wah-sah South. They know that the South, which for the last fifty years has voted like a chain-gang, is dangerous. The closeness of the vote shows that they hesitated, but by narrow margin decided to unite with the South. These things, in my humble judgment, were the cause of Mr. Hughes's defeat.

"The writer regrets that Mr. Hughes was defeated. He would have been delighted at his success. He believes the country would have been in safer hands. The sentiments of the West in choosing a National candidate must in the future be regarded."

For a section to express itself Nationally something more than the desire is necessary; a State to be more than provincial must be educated on National lines. One of the reasons why the interior of the country has not been interested in a large navy, for instance, is that it has not realized the purpose and use of a large navy in protecting the country as a whole. The interior of the country has thought that the East was provincial in asking for battle-ships because of a mistaken idea that battle-ships were only of use to protect the seaport towns.

The international situation, which was the real issue of the last election, was ignored or misinterpreted by a large section of the country for the reason that the A B C's of our international relations were not made clear to the people at large.

From a State voting for Hughes by a reduced Republican majority comes a letter setting forth the difficulties which the Middle West had in gaining a clear conception of

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the international situation. The letter comes to us from William Stearns Davis, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Davis, who is the author of "A Friend of Cæsar" and other historical novels, is a member of the Department of History of the University of Minnesota.

A CHANCE IGNORED

He writes in part:

"I am an Eastern man and my opinions as to the duty of Americans touching the great war are substantially those of The Outlook; but, after witnessing the manner in which the Republican leaders in the Northwest have handled the international problem, I was not in the least surprised that Mr. Hughes seems to have carried this State by a very small majority.

"The real question of course in the election was the problem of the future foreign policy of America. About this the ordinary Scandinavian-American citizen knew little, and, barring a calamity which came home to him personally, he cared less. The sinking of the Lusitania was like the sinking of the Titanic—the act of an inscrutable Providence, very deplorable no doubt, but, like the great floods in China, something which did not touch him keenly. Nothing but a careful campaign of education could have made this population understand that it was best to vote against a policy which said, in the last analysis, 'Let well enough alone.' This education was never given. The Republican leaders 'crawfished' and 'pussyfooted' in dealing with the European question in a manner that did little credit to their courage or practical insight. In the vain hope of catching a few pro-German votes they set up the stoppage of American mails as a grievance equal to if not greater than the murder of Americans, and hemmed and hawed a little about the Lusitania when in the same speeches they were shouting themselves black in the face about the sins of the Underwood tariff.

"Even the American rights issue was not placed as Eastern voters rightly perceived it. I have myself seen a circular avowedly in the Hughes interest attacking Wilson, not because he did so little about the submarine murders, but *because he did so much!* I doubt if such documents turned more than a very few ballots away from the President; the German vote seems to have divided '50-50;' but I know for a fact that a great many pro-Ally votes in Minnesota were turned to Wilson by this nominally 'Hughes' propaganda.

"The same politicians who were thus making 'tariff' and 'rural credits' the leading issues of the campaign heaved a sigh of relief when it appeared that Mr. Roosevelt had been headed off from visiting these parts to bring his whips against the hyphen.

"One year ago an intelligent campaign of education won over the majority of the voters of the Northwest to a belief in the need of reasonable military preparedness despite strong Bryanite predilections. A similar effort could more readily have made it clear to the prairies why it was needful to take a firm stand on foreign issues, even if such a stand might cost something; but where the voters obviously required a clear proof they were given only vague and dubious hinting.

"The men of the Northwest are quite as willing to fight and die for the old flag as the men of the East, but, thanks to their geographical remoteness, the European war has not wrought on their imaginations as it has on those of their Eastern brethren. They can be made to understand the great international issues now convulsing the world by a course of careful education and information, but this was utterly withheld from them by the Republican leaders. If Minnesota has given Mr. Hughes a very scant plurality, and North Dakota, its sister State, has given no plurality at all, it is because they have heard the old protective tariff tom-tom being beaten as if it were the chief tocsin of the campaign, and all that was said of Mr. Wilson's foreign policy were scattered hints about his 'vacillation.' Mr. Hughes personally may not have been to blame for this, but his lieutenants and campaign managers will not escape the full responsibility that comes from a policy of deliberate silence and cowardice. Verily they have their reward.

"The voters of the Northwest did not make a deliberate choice between 'peace at any price' and 'National honor' in the last election. They were not given the chance."

The writers of the letters which we have quoted voted for different candidates, and for different reasons; but behind all their criticism and explanation of election returns there seems to be one thing in common: they all wanted to vote Nationally and they all wanted to vote progressively. We repeat that these letters contain hopeful portents for the future political development of the country.

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MR. ASQUITH AND THE ENGLISH POLITICAL CRISIS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS[1]

FOR an Englishman the cabled despatches from London during the past few days had so familiar a sound as to bring on almost an attack of homesickness. "Asquith Must Go." "Revolt Against the British Premier." "Cabinet Dissensions: Will Asquith Resign?"—so ran the headlines. And below them were columns of more or less shrewd, more or less excited speculation as to whether this, the fifth or sixth, attack in force against the Prime Minister since the war began would succeed, and, if it did, who would take his place? It was all, as I have said, very familiar. We in England have lived on that sort of diet pretty constantly in the past two and a half years. We have been wrought up time and again to a state of high expectancy over changes in the Cabinet and in the Premiership. The changes in the Cabinet, or some of them, have taken place. There is to-day, as there has been for eighteen months and more, a national and non-party Government, while in August, 1914, there was a Cabinet wholly composed of Liberals. No one could possibly have foreseen when the war broke out that it would be waged in December, 1916, by the men who a bare week ago actually formed the British Ministry. As in all the belligerent lands, some men have unexpectedly collapsed beneath the touchstone of war, and others, not less unexpectedly, have risen above themselves to the full height of its demands. I think I am right in saying that only one British Cabinet Minister was holding last week the office he held at the beginning of the war. That Minister was Mr. Asquith. Repeatedly assailed, derided, criticised, and against a growing volume of conviction that his temperament and training are not those that make him an ideal pilot for a storm, he still remained the head of the British Cabinet. But now has he gone? Has a great Premiership closed in dissension and defeat?

What has been the note of his career? More than anything else, I should say, the note of Mr. Asquith's career is a consistent capacity for rising to the occasion. He has never, to my knowledge, failed in anything he has been called upon to undertake. One gets, indeed, almost a sense of monotony from a survey of his achievements. As a boy he captured all the school prizes; as a youth he won the Balliol, took a double first, became President of the Oxford Union, and carried off the Craven; a few years later, after a wholesome period of struggle and difficulty, he was recognized as one of the most effective of English advocates; in Parliament he attracted Gladstone's favoring notice with almost his first speech. And it has all been done without theatricality or self-advertisement, with no attempt to dazzle his contemporaries or force their applause, and without the least assistance from those advantages of birth, wealth, and social connections that in the England of the pre-war days, more perhaps than in any other country, smoothed the path of political and legal ambition.

Asquith's career is as fully a structure of his own rearing as Lloyd George's or John Burns's; he has made his own way on his own merits; he might have stood alongside of the present Minister for War and the ex-President of the Local Government Board as a product and representative of that newer England in which even before the war men were being judged and rewarded for what they were and for what they did, and not for the non-essentials of lineage or means or social position; and yet he has never touched the imagination of the country as they have done, or roused in it a passion either of enthusiasm or of detestation. There is something of coldness in the popular conception of, and attitude towards, the late Premier; he is not one of the men, as Lloyd George most decidedly is, whom you are violently for or violently against; even his own followers regard him with pride, respect, admiration, and an implicit confidence in his all but unfailing adequacy, rather than with affection. I never, indeed, think of him and of his relations to public sentiment without also thinking of another very great man, like him a lawyer, an administrator, and a statesman of the highest competence, and yet, like him, somewhat shut off from the innermost hearts of men—I mean Mr. Elihu Root. Mr. Asquih is not a bit more sparing than is Mr.

[1] Mr. Brooks is a well-known English writer and correspondent, now in this country, who knows English political life intimately.—THE EDITORS.

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Root of the fuss and flourishes that democracies love. Both men would probably stand higher in the judgment of the unthinking, easily tickled mob if they had not so rigidly eschewed the artifices that most politicians cultivate even to ostentation. One can imagine neither man indulging in a *beau geste*. Both are as deliberately undramatic and non-sensational as human beings can be. You look in vain for purple patches in the career or the oratory of either. Both make the mistake of doing things, or appearing to do them, too easily. With a slightly different temperament, Mr. Root's position in American public life would long ago have been on a par with his unique capacities. Of Mr. Asquith, as of Sir Robert Peel, posterity may say that if only his personality had equaled his performances he would have been the greatest of all British Premiers.

As it is, the real Asquith, whose praises are sung by his friends, whom all children instinctively delight in—the man of quick, vivid, and hearty emotions, of genial considerateness, of warm and tolerant humanity—goes almost unsuspected by the general public; and Lord Rosebery never surprised England more than when he went bail for it that Mr. Asquith possessed qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head. The average man remains to this day unconvinced. He finds in Mr. Asquith few of those amiable and attractive weaknesses and accomplishments that irresistibly engage the popular interest. Nobody disputes the genuineness of his abilities or affects to deny that he has amply earned every success he has won. Yet nobody is really thrilled by him. A somewhat hard, self-centered embodiment of all the efficiencies; one whom it is difficult to think of as ever having been young, expansive, and indiscreet; not without a touch of Oxford arrogance; apt to treat stupidity as a crime; a first-class fighting man, always at the top of his form and able at any moment to bring all his powers into play, yet somehow spoiling the effect of his triumphs by the dry and unsympathetic self-assurance with which he enters the lists and the mechanical regularity with which he routs his antagonists—it is in such ways as these that the British public, no wiser than any other public in judging its leaders, thinks of Mr. Asquith.

The deficiency which I am trying to bring out—it is more readily felt than expressed—is palpable in Mr. Asquith's speeches. They are just as good as any public speaking can be that has not behind it a genuine oratorical inspiration. They are models of clearness and precision; few speakers, indeed, can pack so much into so few words as Mr. Asquith; they are full of vigorous thought, of trenchant and sonorous diction; they are admirably arranged; stroke follows upon stroke without hesitation and with direct and compelling force; and yet they are as unmistakably not oratory as George Eliot's verse is not poetry. The reason, I think, is that Mr. Asquith has himself too completely in hand, knows to a nicety just what he is going to say and how he is going to say it, and is never for a moment in danger of being carried out of himself. The color and rhythm, the exaltation and abandon, of oratory are not for him. There is something, indeed, almost mechanically impersonal about Mr. Asquith's air on a public platform and when he rises to address the House. He seems independent of all emotional communion with his audience. I have often wondered, while listening to him, whether he would not speak equally well to no audience at all or to one of broomsticks.

And yet, even as I write that, I am conscious of doing him less than justice. For in the past two and a half years I know of no one who has stated the British case or appraised the issues between Germany and the Allies in language more majestic, more powerful, or more pertinent than his. The war has not implanted in him the native fire of eloquence that is of the essence, for example, of Mr. Lloyd George's whole being. A man possesses that gift by right of birth or he does not possess it at all. But the great struggle and his own great part in it have wrought upon Mr. Asquith until his speeches have been lit by a glow and passion unfelt, or at any rate unexpressed, before. Let me quote from what he said on the second anniversary of the war—it is a fair sample of the Asquith style:

"Early in the war I quoted a sentence which Mr. Gladstone used in 1870. 'The greatest triumph of our time,' he said, 'has been the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.' Mr. Gladstone worked all his life for that noble purpose. He did not live to see its attainment. By the victory of the Allies the enthronement of public right here in Europe will pass from the domain of ideals and of aspirations into that of concrete and

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achieved realities. What does public right mean? I will tell you what I understand it to mean—an equal level of opportunity and of independence as between small states and great states, as between the weak and the strong; safeguards resting upon the common will of Europe, and, I hope, not of Europe alone, against aggression, against international covetousness and bad faith, against the wanton resort in case of dispute to the use of force and the disturbance of peace; finally, as the result of it all, a great partnership of nations federated together in the joint pursuit of a freer and fuller life for countless millions who by their efforts and their sacrifice, generation after generation, maintain the progress and enrich the inheritance of humanity."

Those, obviously, are the words of a man of intellect and culture, not without vision, not without sympathy, but—who does not feel it?—with his emotional side held severely captive to his brain. They are impressive, but they do not thrill. They are weighty, but they are not vital. I hope posterity will read them. But for myself I would far sooner have heard Mr. Lloyd George handling the same theme in his own incomparable style. For Mr. Lloyd George answers Pascal's test. You forget, when sitting beneath him, that you are listening to a speech. You remember only that you are listening to a man. You hardly ever remember that when you are listening to Mr. Asquith; and it is this habitual self-repression that very largely accounts for the fact that the ex-Premier is a greater figure in Parliament than in the country, and that among the masses of the people his personality has never been the invaluable asset that Gladstone's was.

There have been many occasions in the past eight years of his Premiership when Mr. Asquith has gained far more than he has lost by having been pitched in a minor key. Our normal British preferences in normal times are for men with a certain energetic moderation of speech and bearing. Mr. Asquith possesses this quality as few men have ever possessed it; and it repeatedly stood out in the days before the war in piquant contrast to the harangues and demeanor of some of his colleagues. Vehemently as the Tories and the Protectionists and the Irish Unionists might fulminate against him, they at least preferred him to Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill; and one of their stock amusements was to heckle him in the House after one or the other or both of his brilliant lieutenants had committed some characteristic indiscretion that must have jarred on no one's nerves more than on his. Mr. Asquith was never "brilliant." He was quite content to be outshone by colleagues more restless than himself or with a more taking manner on a public platform. But there was never any real doubt among those on the inside of things as to where lay the true seat of power and authority. His political opponents pretended to doubt it. For years they were busily assuring the world that the Prime Minister was a mere figurehead in his own Cabinet, that the real control of affairs was in Mr. Lloyd George's or Mr. Churchill's hands, and that Mr. Asquith, besides being the shuttlecock of more forceful spirits, was the obsequious slave of Mr. Redmond. And thousands no doubt believed it, because in politics people will believe anything. Yet there never was a more fantastic misapprehension.

I venture, indeed, to say that there has been no stronger Prime Minister than Mr. Asquith since Gladstone's resignation—no Prime Minister, I mean, more sure of himself, more competent to impose his will, with a greater instinct for leadership, or with a firmer grasp over policy and administration alike. If there is one thing Asquith never has been and never could be, it is a time-serving politician. In the old days of his Home Secretaryship—now nearly twenty-five years ago—when for a while he was the idol of labor, when he was stretching all the powers of his office in the cause of social and industrial reform, and when he was filling the nation with a new sense of its responsibilities, he none the less on three crucial questions did not hesitate to stand up to labor in the country and to his political allies in the House of Commons when he was convinced that the public interest demanded it. A flabby and squeezable person is precisely what Asquith is not. Look at the record of his Cabinet from 1908 to 1914. He presided over a Government unique in British annals for the many-sided energy of its reforming vigor. He conducted a profound constitutional revolution to a successful issue; and in 1911 he faced and quelled the most surprising and sinister outbreak of social and industrial discontent that has ever threatened the internal peace of the British Isles.

But there is one set of values in time of

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peace and another and a very different set in time of war. What a democracy needs at the head of its affairs when it is engaged in a fight for sheer existence is a man who will take big risks and make sharp decisions, who will rouse and rely upon its heroic potentialities, who will mirror its martial soul. These are functions which Mr. Asquith is by no means as competent to discharge as Mr. Lloyd George. He is getting on in years; he is past the time of life when a man still has a large reservoir of energy to draw upon in a crisis; there is in him an inclination, not towards indolence—he is and always has been a hard worker—but towards doing no more than is necessary; he has a natural relish for the pleasant relaxations of life; work with him is a habit, but it is not, as it is with Mr. Lloyd George, an instinct; he prefers, if he can, to find a way out of difficulties rather than through them; he is rather too apt to trust to his unrivaled Parliamentary dexterity as a means of evading a troublesome situation and then to persuade himself that because he has evaded it it will trouble him no more; as a lawyer his preferences are all on the side of taking one step at a time, with the minimum of violence to constitutional usage, established customs, and the precedents of peace; something is always counseling him to avoid making a decision to-day if it can possibly be postponed till to-morrow.

Mr. Asquith showed these attributes clearly enough before the war. They were conspicuous, for instance, in his treatment of the Ulster movement organized by Sir Edward Carson. They have been, as one would naturally expect, not less conspicuous since the outbreak of the war. With another type of leader in control, the British nation would have accepted universal military service long before it did, would have shut down on the drink traffic completely and at a stroke instead of partially and by slow degrees, would have adopted with enthusiasm a programme of enforced economy, and would by now have arrayed itself down to the last able-bodied man and the last able-bodied woman for compulsory war work. The fatal words, "Too late," which have had so often to be written as the finis to British enterprises in this war might never have been written at all had the Prime Minister been a man of bigger imagination and greater driving power and more skilled to read and appeal to the fighting temper of the nation. It is the essence of the charge against Mr. Asquith that he has been too dilatory and legalistic, not sufficiently resourceful, unwilling or unable to take the leaps in the dark that have to be taken in such times as these, and too slow to cut adrift from the notion that a war can be run by a debating society. Hence a Cabinet much too large for quick executive action. Hence a tendency to consider measures, not from the standpoint of winning the war—which is the only thing the nation cares about—but from the standpoint of whether or not a good case could be made out for them in Parliament. Hence, too, hesitations, a lack of sure grip, and a failure to impress the people that every ounce of administrative energy was being brought directly to bear on the problems of the war.

But, in spite of everything, Mr. Asquith has the very highest claims on the gratitude of the British nation. He has stated, as I said, the British case in language of rare nobility. He has never once shown the smallest signs of nervousness or despondency. His courage has had the solidity of a rock. Amid the appalling anxieties and the grievous disappointments of the war he has maintained an unfaltering front, always cool, always master of himself, the very embodiment of sturdy British strength. Moreover, practically the whole management of Parliament, at a time when parties were in a chaos of dissolution, when new issues were forcing almost every day new alignments, and when not merely Cabinet Ministers but the entire theory and practice of Cabinet government had to be sacrificed, has fallen on his shoulders. I do not think they could have fallen on better shoulders. For Mr. Asquith has not only a rich and varied assortment of Parliamentary gifts and experience, can not only present a case to the House of Commons in the way most likely to insure its success, but has also the confidence and the respect of the Assembly to a degree that no other man approaches. His judgment, his character, his intellectual power, and his prestige have been assets that the country could not have done without. For winning the war, for inspiring the nation to keep to the heroic pitch, for real and consistent insight into the emotions of the people, for audacity both in methods and in conceptions, for moral leadership, and for flaming and contagious energy Mr. Lloyd George is the better man. But he might not on that account and in every respect prove the better Prime Minister.

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THE NEW OUTLOOK

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

MANAGER ILLUSTRATION AND PRINTING DEPARTMENTS OF THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Moore has been for many years connected with The Outlook in various capacities. Entering the service of this journal more than a quarter of a century ago as apprentice-boy in its composing-room, he has successively served it as journeyman, as expert proof-reader; and finally as superintendent of printing and as manager of the illustration department. On the literary side of the paper Mr. Moore has been a frequent contributor, not only in signed articles, but in many of the editorial departments. His artistic inclinations outside of office hours have led him into many fields of travel, in which he has used a camera to the frequent edification of our readers and of the public in numerous exhibitions, the latest being that of the American Institute of Graphic Arts in New York City. Mr. Moore speaks to our readers, therefore, with a certain background of technical authority in his familiar talk about the "new" Outlook, which follows.—THE EDITORS.

MANY considerations have influenced the adoption of a larger-sized page, which will be the most noticeable feature of The Outlook's new form, which will appear on January 3 next. The advantage of seeing the contents of the periodical with less turning of leaves, the opportunity for a bolder appeal for reading matter and illustration when desired, the expressed wish of many readers for a more legible type, the insistent necessity for economy in the use of paper—for the smaller the page the more space relatively must be given to margins—and the better adaptability of the larger page to the character of The Outlook as a weekly reporter and interpreter of current life, have constituted the mingled yarn of motive which has resulted in the decision to make the change. As to another influence, that of fashion, if it is right and seemly for a man or woman from time to time to order a new suit or gown, and to follow the prevailing mode in the cut thereof, it seems equally fitting that a periodical should consult changing taste in matters journalistic when the appropriate time arrives for it to consider new habiliments.

And as with fashions in human costume, so in typography, the tendency is to hark back to the things of former days. The Outlook's new size will closely approximate that in which it appeared to its readers twenty years ago. Its letterpress will, in its new form, revert to a much older fashion. The type which has been chosen for The Outlook is an adaptation of an old Venetian letter designed in the early days of the printing art. Its history is briefly as follows:

The late H. O. Houghton, who established the present publishing house of Houghton Mifflin Company, and who was also the founder of the Riverside Press, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was a printer of taste and discernment. He won a well-merited reputation as a maker of fine books. He had very definite notions as to type faces, and during one of his visits abroad he found a copy of an old Venetian book that embodied his ideas of a readable type—"firm in lines, flat enough to take a generous color and to withstand strong impressions." Under Mr. Houghton's directions this letter was made into a style of type called the Riverside Series. This series, with certain modifications suggested by the writer, has been revived and cast by the American Type Founders Company for the use of this journal, and is to be called by the type founders The Outlook Series. The size employed for The Outlook is known as ten point. Here is a specimen of the new Outlook Series, showing the size to be used in the new form:

> When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle

It will be observed that the new type is both larger and heavier than that now used, which is one of the many variations of the so-called Caslon Series. Yet it occupies no more space. Printing types, it may be explained, consist of a "body," or base, on the top of which is cast the "face," which is the part that appears in printing. The face may occupy a larger or smaller surface on the body. The old face used by The Outlook, in which these words are set, and the new type are both on "ten point" body, about seven lines to the inch. The larger face was obtained in this way: The letters g, j, p, q, y are known as descending letters. If the parts of these letters that fall below the center of the line, "descenders" as they are called, are shortened, a larger size,

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The
Outlook
Published Weekly
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

THE FATHERLAND IN WAR-TIME AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN OF GERMAN BIRTH

FOR COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS SEE
THIRD PAGE PRECEDING READING MATTER

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1916
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381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE PRESENT SIZE OF THE OUTLOOK PAGE CONTRASTED WITH THE NEW SIZE

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the new and bolder type for the reading matter and headings is also shown on this page, at the right. Its greater legibility can be better understood by the sample printed in the body of the accompanying article.

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 29, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR:
THE FALL OF MONASTIR

The war history for our week (November 15–22) may almost be summed up in two words, Monastir and Craiova. Each stands for a great achievement and for long-reaching consequences in the progress of the war in the Balkan region.

In the capture of Monastir the Servian army, once crushed by the Teutonic forces, now reorganized and again in splendid fighting order, though in all probability smaller than it was, must feel exultant. Aided by their French allies and by a detached Russian force, the Servians again occupy one of the most important cities of their country. In the whole campaign which has resulted in the capture of Monastir the Bulgarians have been outmaneuvered and outfought. Their retreat from Monastir (so the Allies' despatches say) was little less than a rout. Strategically the gain is a large one. Despite the fact that the railway on which Monastir is situated ends at that place, its occupation opens up, through the valley of the Cerna River, a road toward Nish, to capture which must be the great effort of the Allies' armies on the Salonika front.

The direct approach to Nish is of course northward from Salonika, through the valley of the Vardar River, and by the railway running through that valley. The present situation is that the left wing (or western force) of General Sarrail's total army is now well advanced and in good position; and if the right wing, in which the British predominate, is once placed in a good position to the eastward, the long-expected main advance of the center of this vast army made up of several nationalities may begin to move toward Nish. The capture of Nish would cut in two the only rail communication between Teutonic forces in the north and their allies, Bulgaria and Turkey, in the southeast.

When that great drive will come it is impossible to say. Those who impatiently demand why General Sarrail does not come to the rescue of the Rumanians hardly take into account the two obstacles which will make this a slow process: First, the distance and natural obstacles involved in the campaign, and, secondly, the unsatisfactory state of things in Greece. That the leaders of the Allies in Greece have come to the end of their patience with the tortuous and treacherous conduct of the Greek King became evident last week, when sweeping demands were made upon the nominal Greek Government, first, for the surrender to the Allies of a large portion of the army's munitions and artillery of the Greek army; and, secondly, for the immediate departure of the diplomatic representatives of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey now in Greece. The first step is justified by the treachery of the Greek army to Greece in its failure to resist Bulgarian invasion, the second, by the plotting and intrigues of the Ministers of the Central Powers. Meanwhile, the Greek people are likely to turn more and more to Venizelos, the head of the Nationalist Government, who has just issued a proclamation calling upon the people to wipe out the stain placed upon Greece by the disregard of its treaty obligations to Servia and by the tame submission to invasion by Bulgaria.

CRAIOVA AND RUMANIA

The second great event of the week above noted was the capture by General von Falkenhayn's army of the Rumanian town of Craiova. This is not an important place in itself, but its occupation has tremendous significance. It lies on a railway running in its general direction from west to east through western Rumania. As the German forces under Falkenhayn have pushed the Rumanians south out of Transylvania, through the passes, and back into Rumania, the left or west wing of the Rumanian army has held Orsova. Now the only rail communication between Orsova and Bucharest is by this railway which passes through Craiova. The occupation by the Germans of the latter place seems to cut off the Rumanian army at Orsova from its base of supplies. The Rumanians there are facing attack from two

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But this is not the only way in which the capture of Craiova threatens Rumania. This same railway runs from Craiova east and northeast until it joins another railway running in a southerly direction to Bucharest from Kampulung, where the Rumanians have been carrying on a strong resistance to the Germans, aided materially by Russian forces. If the German forces at Craiova follow the first railway to Pitesci, the junction of the two roads, the Rumanians at Kampulung may be caught between two armies. Altogether, the outlook for Rumania is a bad one, and her capital, Bucharest, is in serious danger.

The offset to the prediction of disaster we have just recorded lies in the question whether Falkenhayn has sufficient forces or can get them from Germany and Austria to carry out such large plans involving movements in different directions. If he can, and there is real uncertainty as to this, he has a good prospect of capturing Bucharest and joining his forces with those of General von Mackensen in the Dobrudja.

On the other war fronts little of note took place during the week.

THE GERMAN DEPORTATION OF BELGIANS

The atrocious deportation of Belgians by Germany continues. Beyond question it constitutes industrial enslavement and expatriation on a large scale. One report of the deportation in six villages in the district of Mons says that twelve hundred men, the cream of the industrial workers, were taken from these places alone. The well-known Belgian writer, Émile Cammaerts, commenting on the sets of deportation, calls them "slave raids," and says, "Trains roll through Germany packed with human cattle," and adds:

> These things have been going on since October 15. Ten days ago fifteen thousand had been taken in Flanders alone. How many are there now? Between twenty and thirty thousand. If things are allowed to go on at this rate, we shall witness the wholesale deportation of an entire people reduced to slavery.
>
> This, indeed, is a disaster worse than invasion, worse than the retreat from Antwerp, worse than the wholesale massacres of Louvain, Tamines, Andenne, Dinant—worse even than the ceaseless persecutions of the last two years. What is Belgium's answer to this new crime? To-day her soul is stricken. Every one of these captives has to choose between death and dishonor. Their spirit is broken by the slow, gnawing torture endured in complete isolation.

The proposal in Great Britain to appoint a controller of food and to regulate food supplies and prices is not a confession of weakness, but the evidence of strength.

Germany acted wisely when, long ago, under the pressure of the food question she instituted thorough Government supervision and regulation. As with Germany, so with England; the action was at first taken to indicate a greater extremity than actually existed. It was wise because under war conditions food should be controlled so as to prevent speculation and to secure as far as possible an even distribution of the burden

"eleven point," can be cast on a ten point body, thus providing a larger type without losing space. This is what has been done in the case of the new Outlook Series.

As to the type for the headlines, the initial letters, the placing of the page on the sheet—the "margins"—the type used for quotations, the spacing of poems, etc., all these minutiæ have received due consideration. And here comes a digression. As in doubtful cases a doctor calls in a brother physician for counsel, an architect gets the advice of another member of his profession, or a lawyer calls upon a disinterested legal friend for an opinion, so The Outlook at this juncture obtained the advice of a well-known expert in matters typographical—Mr. Bruce Rogers, lately of Cambridge, Massachusetts, now on his way to establish himself in Hammersmith, England, near the former home of the famous Kelmscott Press. Mr. Rogers's standing in the book-making world may be indicated by this extract from a recently published book by Henry R. Plomer called "A Short History of English Printing:" "Mr. Rogers, . . . in a series of books too little known in England, has shown himself one of the surest and at the same time the most versatile of modern printers." The typographical form of the new Outlook has in almost all its details been submitted in proof-sheets to this competent authority, and his valuable suggestions and criticisms have been constantly availed of in preparing the new format.

The headings are to be uniformly set in what is called Bodoni type, a letter which harmonizes excellently with The Outlook Series. It is named after a famous Italian type-cutter and printer, Giambattista Bodoni, who was born in 1740 and died in 1813, and who has been characterized by De Vinne in his work on Typography as "a founder and printer who has fairly earned the highest honors." "Bodoni" is a letter which is clear, legible, and yet condensed enough to make it available for crowded columns, while at the same time it admits of the increased legibility obtained by "letter-spacing"—*i. e.*, inserting thin spaces or strips of cardboard between the letters of a word—as in the specimen line printed below:

THE STORY OF THE WAR

The initial letters with which the contributed articles begin, it will be observed, are to be of a lighter series—the "Book Bodoni"—it being found on trial that the Bodoni initials were somewhat too heavy in appearance for this purpose. Incidentally, it is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Rogers, like other broad-minded men, has no conceit that he "knows it all" in advance of experiment. "Try it and see" is his motto. The value of his advice consists largely in his fertility of suggestion as to *what* to try and what to avoid trying.

The margins of the new Outlook page, while not as generous as in some sumptuous books, owing to the necessity of utilizing to the full the precious commodity on which it is printed, are, it is believed, correctly spaced—with considerably more white surface on the outside and bottom edges than on the top and inside ones. This is not only "orthodox," but much more pleasing to the eye than when the space is equally divided.

Many readers of present-day magazines rebel against the current practice of beginning articles in the front of the magazine and then compelling the reader to search the back pages to find the conclusion of the article. This objectionable practice is not to be countenanced in The Outlook in its new form. Appropriate reading matter will be used on the advertising pages where space permits, but the reader will not be subjected to the annoyance complained of.

The handsome appearance of the new page, as well as its relative size as compared with the present form, is shown in the facsimiles of the cover and text pages of the old and the new size of The Outlook on the two preceding pages. The facsimiles are reduced to one-quarter of the actual size. The "constant reader" of this magazine will be gratified to notice that there is a familiar look about the new page—it is merely an enlargement, as it were, of a well-liked photograph.

It only remains to be said that it is confidently believed that the readers of The Outlook, those who have seen it in all the various "dresses" that it has worn through the fifty-odd years of its existence, as well as its newer friends and its friends yet to be, will unite in regarding the new Outlook as most legible, convenient, and attractive in its physical form. As to its intellectual and spiritual appeal—that is another story, and one the editors must tell. The new and beautiful medium through which they are to tell it ought to, and no doubt will, inspire them to maintain the standards of the past and if possible bring them to still finer issues in the new day that awaits The Outlook and its readers.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

GENERAL TREPOF, THE NEW RUSSIAN PREMIER

General Trepof, who is described as an army man rather than a bureaucrat, takes the place of the reactionary Mr. Sturmer. See article by Mr. George Kennan in this issue

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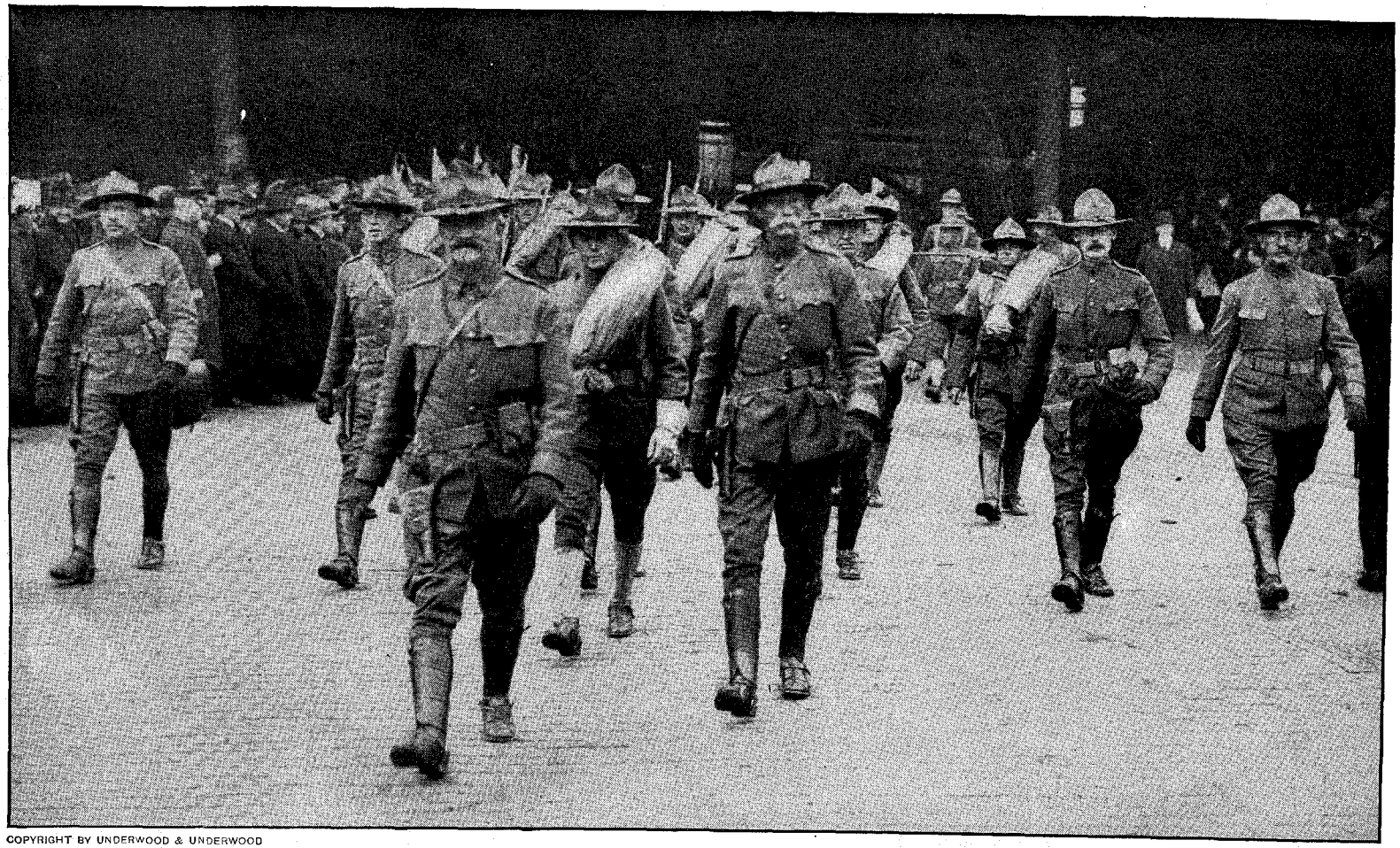

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BACK FROM THE FRONT—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK RETURNS FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

IN THE MACEDONIAN HILLS—A FRENCH SUPPLY TRAIN RETURNING FROM THE FRONT

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST

COUNT TARNOWSKI VON TARNOW, THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRIA TO THE UNITED STATES

For some years Count Tarnowski has been the efficient Austrian Minister to Bulgaria. He is to succeed Dr. Dumba as Austrian Ambassador at Washington, if he arrives in this country—Great Britain has refused to give him safe conduct for the voyage. Count Tarnowski is a Pole. He is not unacquainted with this country, for he spent the years 1899–1901 at Washington as Secretary of Embassy

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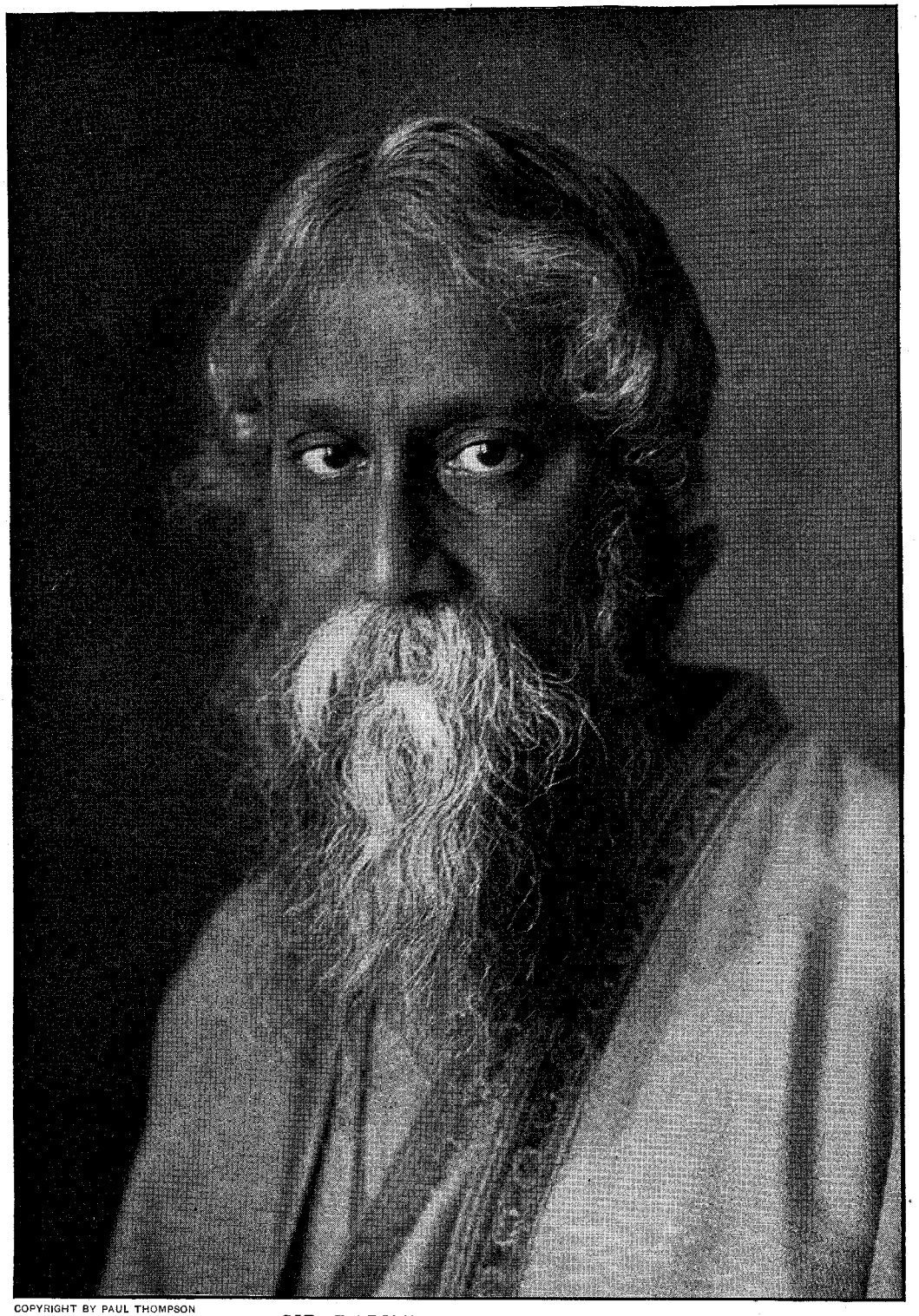

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SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

This East Indian poet and philosopher is now visiting the United States and will lecture in various cities. See the article on Tagore by Dr. Abbott in this issue

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

A FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN CINCINNATI

A large store representing, it is said, three thousand farmers, has been opened in Cincinnati, Ohio. Ten auto trucks, it is stated, are used in the business, and the products of the farm are sold direct to the consumer. In return, the farmer can buy his supplies at the store at wholesale prices

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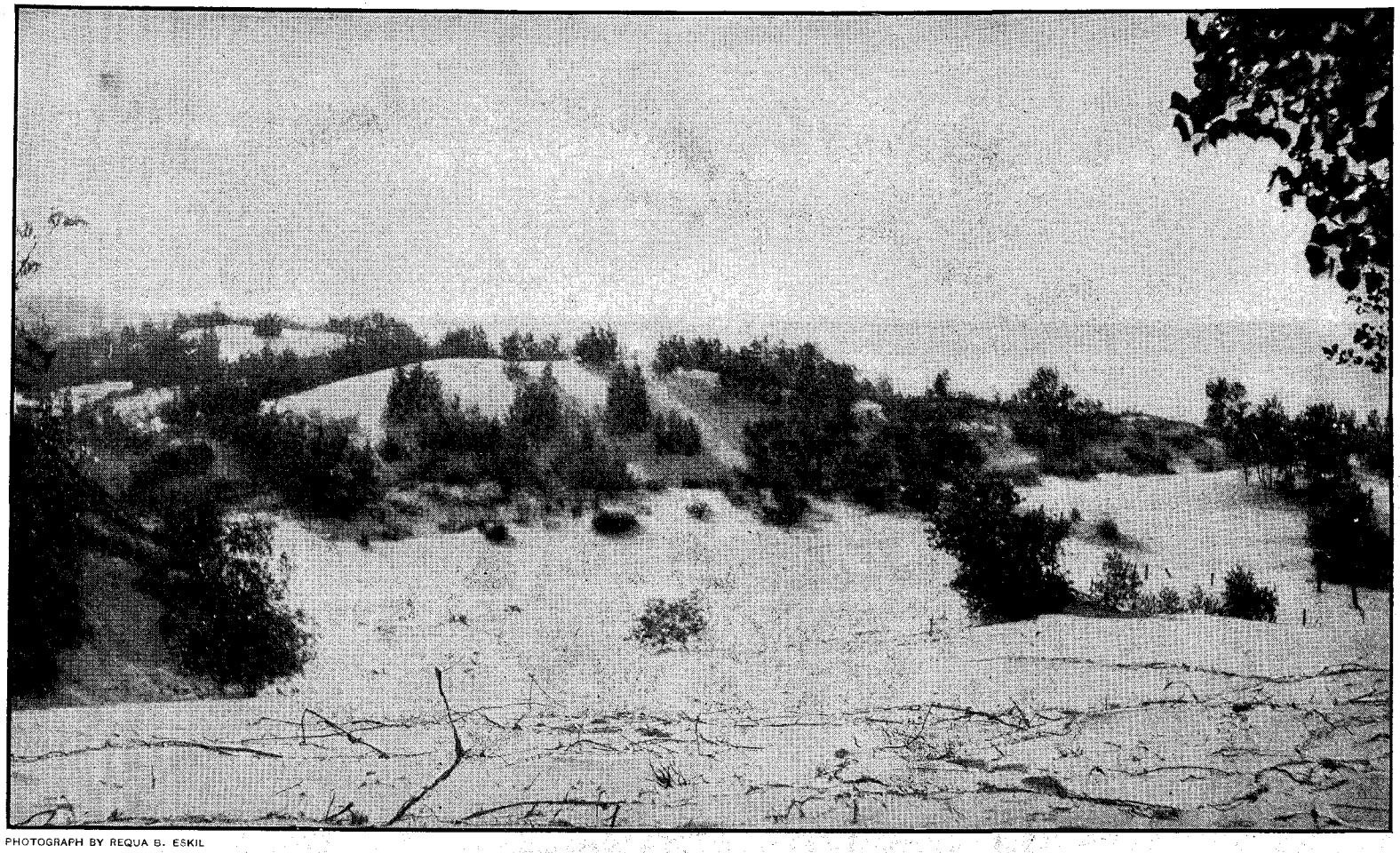

PHOTOGRAPH BY REQUA B. ESKIL

THE GREAT SAND DUNES OF INDIANA—SCENE IN A PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK

See editorial pages for a description of the proposed park. These dunes have been compared by competent authorities with the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and the Yellowstone as a natural wonder worthy of preservation by being set aside as a National Park

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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR, NOW ADEQUATELY ILLUMINATED

As a result of the enterprise of a New York paper, "The World," the great statue that greets the immigrant, "Liberty Enlightening the World," is now illuminated by electricity. A new system by which the light is projected on to the statue gives a peculiarly vivid illumination. It will be remembered that the same newspaper, years ago, succeeded in raising funds to build the pedestal of this statue, which was the gift of France to America. See editorial comment

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THE VICTIMS

NOVEMBER, 1916

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Look upon them as they pass,
Christ upon the wayside rood!
They will sink in the morass
Of a distant servitude,
Yet they turn without a cry—
Singing—from the soil of home,
As thy martyrs marched to die
Singing through the streets of Rome.

Is it on the Belgian men
That thy pity now is bent?
Was it for the martyrs then
That thy heart with flame was rent?
Not for them thy grief, O God,
But their drivers, grim and still,
Legions moved by Cæsar's nod,
Tools of the Imperial will,

Yet beneath the Roman mail
Hearts of men—who dares to say
All they longed without avail,
They whose life was to obey?
Till the mute rebellion passed,
Till the smothered longing died,
And they did their work at last
With a fierce, complacent pride.

Christ upon the wayside cross,
Let thy gaze of mercy fall
In this hour of bitter loss
On the saddest doom of all.
At eternal freedom's gate
Body's death is but the toll—
But—ah, Christ! the desolate
Silence of a slaughtered soul!

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THE RUSSIAN DUMA AND THE MINISTRY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY GEORGE KENNAN

Is the power of democracy growing in Russia? The recent resignation of the Premier, Mr. Sturmer, regarded as a reactionary, and the appointment of Mr. Trepof in his place, are indications that it is.

Russia is popularly regarded as an enemy of democracy; but that is because of its autocratic government. The people of Russia are themselves essentially democratic. The war in which they are engaged is a war, not merely of the Government, as was the war against Japan, but of the people. Are the people, through this war, gaining in power?

Mr. Kennan, who answers this question in the following correspondence, has kept himself informed concerning Russian affairs since his investigations in Russia established his reputation as a foremost authority on that great country and its people.—THE EDITORS.

IN order fully to understand the recent "crisis" in the Russian Duma and the changes in the Ministry that immediately preceded or followed it, we must go back to the extraordinary change of political opinion that occurred in the Duma during the second year of the war. This change of opinion, which brought the Progressives, the Octobrists, and even a part of the Monarchists into closer sympathy with the Constitutional Democrats, was mainly due to the observations and experience of the conservative members in the war. Scores of them between the sessions of Parliament went to the front with Red Cross or other relief organizations, while scores of others participated actively in the war work of such great public bodies as the Union of Zemstvos, the Union of Municipalities, and the Council of Co-operative Societies. As a result of these activities they not only were brought more closely in touch than they had ever been before with the army and the people, but were given an opportunity to see for themselves in the field the incompetence of the bureaucracy in dealing with great national tasks and problems. The things that they personally saw and heard profoundly affected their political views, and when they returned to their seats in the Duma their attitude toward the Government, on the one hand, and the people, on the other, was completely changed. Not all of them had become Constitutional Democrats, but more than three-fourths of them had been greatly enlightened and more or less liberalized.

The most striking illustration, perhaps, of this modification of opinion and change of attitude is furnished by the political transformation of Purishkevitch, the Black Hundred Deputy from Bessarabia. Before the war Purishkevitch was one of the bitterest and most aggressive of the reactionists, and his hatred of Milyukov and the Constitutional Democrats was almost fanatical. Once, shortly before the outbreak of the present war, while Milyukov was speaking in the Duma, Purishkevitch interrupted him with a violent contradiction and declared that if he did not spit in his (Milyukov's) face it was only because he could not spit as far as the tribune. After the war began Purishkevitch went to the front with a unit of the Red Cross, and had an opportunity to see the fighting and suffering of the common soldiers, the incompetence of the bureaucracy, and the comparative efficiency of such great popular organizations as the Union of Zemstvos. When he returned to his seat in the Duma, his views had completely changed. He retained his aggressiveness, but no longer directed it against the liberals and the people.

"Without initiative on the part of the nation," he said in a Duma speech, "without the zemstvo unions and other sanitary organizations, Russia could not fight as she is fighting now. . . . Who will deny that we need changes and reforms—that we need to renew the heavy air of Russia's internal life? When you look at Russian reality, you understand that things cannot go on in this way. . . . Who will deny the truth of most that has been said from the tribune by Milyukov, Shidlovski, Ephremof, and even Chkheidze [all liberals, and the last named a Social Democrat]. In all their speeches there was much sincerity and sacred truth, which should renew our national organism."

Mr. A. N. Khvostof, leader of the Duma party of the Extreme Right, experienced a similar change of heart, and, after criticising severely the measures of the Government, said, frankly: "I must confess that the present war has compelled me to change somewhat my previous views. I have come to understand that, in the interest of the nation, it is necessary to utilize, as far as possible, the strength of the people in co-operative work."

This turning away from the Government and toward the people during the second

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year of the war was more or less noticeable in all of the conservative parties. Even the extreme reactionists moved toward the Left, and the balance of political power in the Duma shifted in the direction of the Constitutional Democrats. Prior to the war the Government could generally rely on the support of 300 members out of 439; but in less than a year and a half the relative strength of the contending parties was reversed, the liberals and moderate liberals controlling 300 votes and the Government parties less than 140. Then was formed, in the fall session of 1915, the so-called "Progressive *bloc*," a coalition which consisted mainly of the Progressives, the Octobrists, and the Constitutional Democrats. The Duma at that time comprised fourteen political groups, or factions, and the *bloc* controlled all but five of them.

Milyukov was within the truth when he described the formation of this Progressive *bloc* as "an event of historic importance." So far as the future development of Russia is concerned, it was the most significant and momentous event in the history of the Fourth Duma, because it put the lower house for the first time into harmonious relations with the people, and began the struggle which will eventually free the nation from the domination of the bureaucracy.

As soon as the members of the *bloc* had had time to exchange opinions, compare views, and decide upon a policy, they made public a programme which included, among other needed reforms, autonomy for Poland, a more conciliatory policy in Finland, amnesty for political and religious offenses not criminal in character, equal rights for the Jews, recognition of the legality of trade unions, and removal of the restrictions upon co-operative societies and upon independent popular activity in general.

The Government, of course, at once took alarm. Premier Goremykin notified the leaders of the *bloc* that their programme "could not even be discussed," and in order to prevent such discussion he hurried to the Imperial headquarters in the field for the purpose of getting the Czar to prorogue the Duma forthwith. In this he succeeded. The lower house, a few days later, was dismissed, with the promise that it should be reconvened on the 14th of November. This sudden termination of the session caused great popular dissatisfaction, which was manifested here and there in sporadic striking and rioting; but the liberals generally used their influence to prevent disorder and the excitement gradually subsided. The people, however, gave the *bloc* all the support they could. The Congress of Zemstvos and Municipalities, which assembled in Moscow five days after the prorogation of the Duma, adopted resolutions for presentation to the Czar in which it declared that "the war must be carried to a victorious conclusion, but, as a means to this end, the reassembling of the Duma and the reconstruction of the Ministry are vitally essential."

Popular discontent increased again when, at the time appointed, the Duma was not reconvened; and on the 7th of December, 1915, the Czar found it necessary to issue a rescript explaining that the lower house had not been summoned for the reason that the Budget Committee had not finished its work on the estimates. This was only a pretext, because the Budget Committee might easily have carried on its work while the Duma was in session; but the excuse served its purpose.

Finding, in December, 1915, that it would be inexpedient, if not dangerous, to put off any longer the summoning of the Duma, the Czar decided to call the representatives of the people together; but, in order to placate them as far as possible, he dismissed his reactionary Premier, Goremykin, and appointed in his place M. Sturmer, a bureaucrat of German extraction, who was as reactionary as Goremykin, but who had not recently been prominent in national affairs, and who therefore was less unfavorably known to the general public.

When the Duma reassembled, three weeks later, the Czar made a further attempt to placate the Progressive *bloc* by appearing in person at the opening session; but the superficial enthusiasm thus created quickly subsided when it became apparent that there was to be no change in the general policy of the Government with reference to domestic affairs. The new Premier, after notifying the Duma that "useless discussion would not be permitted," proceeded to develop a policy which was even more severely repressive than that of his predecessor. The Black Hundred newspapers, which represented the old hide-bound bureaucracy, had always opposed independent popular activity, and had contended that the Union of Zemstvos and the Union of Municipalities were in reality treasonable organizations, which, under the pretense of public service, were carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. The

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new Premier apparently adopted this view, and began to hamper the Unions and the co-operative societies by subjecting them to a system of bureaucratic supervision and regulation which was as vexatious and obstructive as it was unnecessary. At the same time he increased the severity of the censorship, and made military necessity an excuse for preventing discussion even of domestic affairs.

There had been for a year or more a great deal of dissatisfaction with the administration of public affairs by reactionary or incompetent provincial governors. The Ministry made a show of removing these inefficient men, as if in compliance with the people's wishes; but, instead of dismissing them altogether, it merely jumped them over one another's heads by transferring them from place to place. They were shuffled like cards, but they were always in the pack. This shifting of obnoxious officials, which was derisively characterized in the Duma as "a bureaucratic game of leap-frog," increased the popular discontent instead of allaying it. Then, too, there was a general belief that Sturmer and some of his associates leaned toward Germany and were lukewarm, at least, in their sympathy with the nation's determination to fight the war out to a decisive finish. All these causes of dissatisfaction, taken together, brought on the struggle of the people with the bureaucracy which began in the second year of the war and which is still in progress. After the appointment of Sturmer as Premier the Duma was twice prorogued, possibly with the hope on the part of the Government that the Progressive *bloc* would disintegrate between sessions. The *bloc*, however, increased steadily in strength and aggressiveness, while the bureaucracy showed itself less and less capable of dealing with the economic problems which came up for solution, and which grew more and more complex and difficult as the war progressed. The Czar, in his effort to improve the state of affairs and satisfy the people, changed the Minister of the Interior four times in less than ten months; but it was merely a continuation of the "bureaucratic game of leap-frog." The men who were jumped over one another's heads, into or out of the Ministerial chair, were all of the same type, and what the country wanted was a change of type.

Finally, about six weeks ago, the Czar made a new departure by appointing as Minister of the Interior Mr. A. D. Protopopof, a wealthy landed proprietor from Simbirsk. Mr. Protopopof was not a bureaucrat. On the contrary, he was a member of the Duma and an Octobrist. At first sight, therefore, it seemed only reasonable to interpret his appointment as a concession to the people and to the Progressive *bloc*, of which he was a member. It soon became evident, however, that, estimable as he might be in personal character, he was too impressible and pliable a man to represent adequately the aggressive popular majority in the Duma. Soon after his appointment he granted an interview to the Parliamentary journalists of Petrograd, and was asked by them what his programme would be. He replied: "We have, by law, a united Government, and the programme of a united Government can be announced only by the President of the Council of Ministers. You will perhaps say that there is a certain field in which I am permitted, or may be permitted by Imperial direction, to exercise some freedom of action; but until I receive the instructions that will guide me in the course I am to pursue it seems to me impossible to speak of my programme." A little later, after he had had an interview with the Czar, Minister Protopopof said to a group of journalists in Moscow: "I cannot expatiate on the subject of programme. My programme is that of the whole Ministry now in power. It is impossible at the present moment to imagine any other programme, and it will be laid before the Duma in the near future, by the President of the Ministerial council" (Sturmer).

Inasmuch as the "whole Ministry" then in power was unsatisfactory to the liberals and to the public, the admission by Protopopof that he would act with his colleagues, in accordance with instructions from the Czar, did not inspire the nation with much hope. It was entirely satisfactory, however, to the bureaucrats and the reactionists.

The popular disappointment which followed Protopopof's announcement of his policy—or rather lack of policy—was heightened by the Government's failure to deal adequately or successfully with the problem of subsistence. As winter approached, about two months ago, many parts of the Empire began to suffer from a lack of fuel and food. The country as a whole contained an abundant supply of both; but the means of distribution were in the hands of the Government, and all the bureaucratic measures of relief that were adopted proved to be ill-advised or ineffective. Many provinces had

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more grain than they needed, but they were prevented by bureaucratic regulations of one sort or another from shipping their surplus to places that had little or none. Many provincial governors, anxious to conserve their own food supply, made such representations to the Ministry that they were allowed to place embargoes on grain shipments. The trouble was aggravated by an attempt on the part of the Government to fix prices. The bureaucratic intention was doubtless good, but the prices fixed were so low that holders would not sell at all. The final outcome of inadequate railway facilities, provincial embargoes, and fixed prices was a plethora of food in some provinces and a state of need that was not far from famine in others.

The problem of fuel, which was almost equally important, became even more urgent as the weather grew colder. The Government had been warned by an interpellation in the Duma more than a year before that there would probably be a shortage of at least a million tons of coal; but no measures were taken to meet the emergency, and when the pinch came, in the fall of 1916, many provinces found it practically impossible to get either coal or wood. The railways were overburdened by the insistent demand for the transportation of war supplies; horses in many places had been commandeered for military service, or were being used in farm work; and there was no way of getting wood hauled, even when it was near at hand. The situation in the city of Kiev became so desperate early in October that the municipality imported three hundred camels from the Province of Astrakhan to serve as draught animals.

This scarcity of food and fuel is not only causing widespread distress, but is intensifying the hostility of the people to their rulers. Nothing is more potent in giving a sharp edge to popular feeling than the grindstone of physical suffering, and it would have been safe to predict at any time within the last sixty days that when the Duma should meet for the fall session of 1916 an attempt of some kind would be made to cut the bureaucratic cords that bind the people's faces to the stone. The attempt was made; and the blow struck by Milyukov, the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, brought on an open fight between the people and the Progressive *bloc* on one side and the Czar and his bureaucracy on the other. The censorship of the Russian press, which is still in the hands of the Ministry, prevents us from knowing all that was said and done; but the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine seem to have supported Milyukov and the Duma, and the menace of an alliance between the Progressive *bloc* and the military forces of the Empire seems to have compelled the Czar to give way. At any rate, Sturmer, the reactionary Premier, was dismissed; his place was given to General Trepof, who is an army man rather than a bureaucrat; and substantial concessions are said to have been made. As Sturmer acted as Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Premier, the second vacancy in the Cabinet was filled by the promotion of the Assistant Foreign Minister, Neratof, about whom little is yet known.

At the present stage of the contest neither side can claim a decisive victory; but the liberals have not only eliminated two reactionary Premiers, one after the other; they have greatly strengthened their position. If it be true that the Minister of War and Minister of Marine supported the Duma in its struggle with the Cabinet, the moral effect in the country at large will unquestionably be great. The Progressive *bloc*, moreover, can bring pressure to bear on the Czar in another way, through the Union of Zemstvos and the Union of Municipalities. These great popular bodies are carrying on gigantic operations in the field of relief and supply, and at this critical stage in the war neither the Czar nor the Ministry can afford to dispense with their services or excite their active hostility. They are in sympathy, of course, with the Duma. The bold attack on the Government in the Duma, together with the support that it received both in and out of the Taurida Palace, is evidence enough that the nation will not tolerate for a moment any faltering in the prosecution of the war, and that, in the not distant future, it will insist effectively on its right to exercise some control over the Ministry, which now supervises and directs all governmental activities. Never since 1905 have the people been more united in their opposition to bureaucratic rule.

It would be too much, perhaps, to expect that the Duma will gain a complete and immediate victory; but there seems to be at least a fair chance that the Progressive *bloc* will succeed in firmly establishing the principle of Ministerial responsibility to the people's representatives. When that shall be accomplished, the first step will have been taken toward real constitutional liberty.

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THE GREEN GOLD OF YUCATAN

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

WHOEVER in the United States eats bread is indebted to Yucatan.

The bread supply of the United States is dependent on Yucatan.

Yet Yucatan imports flour from the United States.

These statements seem irreconcilable, but they are not. Although Yucatan produces insufficient flour for herself, a product of Yucatan makes it possible for us to have bread. That product is henequen. Of all the bread-eating Americans, probably only a few have ever heard of henequen. Yet without henequen we could hardly harvest our grain crops, and consequently without henequen we could hardly get bread.

From henequen is made the twine with which most of the grain crops of the United States are bound into sheaves. Eighty per cent of the world's henequen and the best henequen in the world is grown in Yucatan. And more than ninety per cent of the total henequen crop of Yucatan is used every year to make binder twine for the farmers of the United States. Consequently, any shortage of henequen may mean a shortage of grain and ultimately of bread, and any increase in the price of henequen to the American farmers may mean an increase in the price of bread to the American public.

In 1916 the farmers of this country were forced to pay $4,000,000 more for their binder twine than in 1915. There is a great probability that they will have to meet a further increase of several million dollars in 1917. All this affects you, the average bread-eater of this country, who have already felt the enormous increase in the cost of living that has taken place in the past year.

Yucatan imports flour, not because she has to, but because she chooses to. Her soil, while not rich, is adequate to raise enough grain to feed all the three hundred thousand Yucatecans. But this grain would be of only mediocre quality, for the soil of the country is full of lime, which is not calculated to aid the growth of most vegetation. Yet this very calcareous quality of the soil, which discourages ordinary crops, encourages the growth of henequen. In fact, the extraordinarily limy nature of Yucatan earth is the reason why henequen grows there better than in any other part of the globe.

The owner of a large tract of rich ore-bearing land would be a fool if he devoted that land to agriculture. So the Yucatecans would be fools if they devoted their barren-looking but valuable soil to ordinary agriculture. Instead they grow henequen and sell it to buy their grain, eggs, milk, limousines, and trips to Paris and New York. Well do they call it "the green gold of Yucatan."

If you go to Yucatan by water, almost the first thing you see is henequen. The land back of the yellow ribbon of beach is green with the aquamarine of henequen fields. From this green henequen are made the flaxen threads of sisal hemp, and from the sisal hemp is manufactured the American farmers' binder twine.

The green gold is welded into the history of Yucatan and into the life of the people to-day. The wonderful ruined cities of the ancient Maya Indian civilization which are scattered through the jungle of interior Yucatan were built with the aid of henequen. With ropes made of sisal fiber the laborers of ancient dynasties hauled to the tops of their pyramidal temples the great stone blocks which time has not tumbled. To-day the uses of henequen are multifarious. After meals the modern natives of this cleanest Mexican State saw their teeth with strands of sisal fiber in lieu of dental floss. At night they sleep in hammocks of the same thread, for in Yucatan the only beds are in the hotels for tourists. Sacks for carrying vegetables or other merchandise are made of sisal. Door-mats are made of it, ladies' slippers, the harness of burros, and the springs of the native *volan*, a cart on two giant wheels which alone of all vehicles can travel the rocky roads of the interior.

Sisal hemp forms the warp and woof of Yucatecan social, business, and official life. Henequen is the foundation of society in Yucatan. In a former article I told how Governor Salvador Alvarado has derived from henequen the capital to begin the building of his idea of a Utopia—a sort of Socialistic des-

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potism—which his enemies call a " Socialistic hell." I described how the Governor has abolished peonage, established an eight-hour day for labor, closed most of the churches, opened many schools, abolished bull-fights and gambling, and established temperance—most of these things done with the funds derived from the Government control of the sisal monopoly.

This monopoly of henequen is already of vital importance to American farmers who raise grain, and is likely to be of vital importance to all Americans through the effect it may have on the price of cereals and the price of bread, the commonest of all foods after mothers' milk. The question of the right and wrong, legality or illegality, of this monopoly is before the American public now. Indeed, almost a year ago a sub-committee of the United States Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry began an investigation of this monopoly, for through its sale of henequen to American twine manufacturers the monopoly becomes subject to American laws. This sub-committee, after hearing a vast amount of evidence, without publishing a final report, has placed the subject in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission.

Any one who undertakes a private investigation of this question on his own account without going to Yucatan soon runs into the blunt wall of the flatly contradicted statements of the opponents and defenders of the monopoly. Certain facts, however, can be established even in the United States. In the first place, it is unquestioned that the control of the henequen output of Yucatan by the *Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen* (Commission for Regulating the Henequen Market) as directed by Governor Alvarado is a monopoly. The officers of the Reguladora, as the commission of planters which is Alvarado's stalking-horse is commonly called, admit this, but they deny that it is a monopoly in restraint of trade as defined by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. But while, on the one hand, it is said that the increase in price felt since the Government formed its monopoly is arbitrary and unjustified; on the other hand, it is alleged that the increase has been justified by a number of circumstances, including increased freight rates between Yucatan and the United States, the increased cost of living in Yucatan, and the increased cost of Manila hemp and New Zealand hemp, the principal competitors of the sisal article. On the one hand, it is said that the henequen monopoly has benefited the Yucatecan planters, their laborers, and the whole society of the State. On the other hand, it is said that the monopoly is a hold-up scheme by the Governor, Salvador Alvarado, and that it cheats the planters, injures the cause of labor, and reduces the prosperity of all Yucatan. Of course the question of the legality of the monopoly under the Sherman Law is one for the courts to decide, but it was to get first-hand evidence on such questions as these others just mentioned that I went to Yucatan. From the point of view of the American farmer the disadvantage of the increased price of twine, for which some people blame the monopoly, is plain. But if the monopoly is justly administered and is bringing about a greater prosperity in Yucatan, even if it is entirely responsible for the increased price of sisal, there is much to be said for it, for, obviously, it is a primary assumption that, since henequen is a product of Yucatan, the natural advantages derived from the cultivation of it ought first to be felt by the Yucatecans. On the other hand, again, if the extra four million dollars of the American grain-raisers are being badly used by an evil Government to the disadvantage of the mass of Yucatecans, nothing would seem to remain to be said in defense of the monopoly.

Mexico is one of the richest countries in the world, and Yucatan is one of the richest States in Mexico. Although Yucatan produces fish, tortoise-shell, valuable hardwoods, and chicle for the world's chewing-gum, still most of the wealth of the State is derived from henequen. This plant is allied to the maguey plant, called the century plant in the United States, from which is made pulque, the national drink of Mexico. The botanical name for henequen is *Agave sisalense*, and it is often called sisal grass, sisal hemp, and sisal. Above a thick, cylindrical stump covered with large scales rise the swordlike leaves of the henequen, pointing outward from the grouped bases at the center like *chevaux de frise*. The Indians found it growing wild in the forests of Yucatan and understood its uses, but for many years it has been carefully cultivated. In the deep coastal strip from the northwest to the southeast of Yucatan, where most of the henequen is grown, an investment in this plant is almost as safe as an investment in good bonds. For, like good bonds, the principal care

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henequen requires is to be cut. The plant never grows so well as when the annual increment of new leaves is clipped like dividend coupons.

The henequen of Yucatan is grown on nearly four hundred plantations or *haciendas*, ranging in size of cultivated area from a few hundred acres to seven thousand, and employing from a score of men and women to several hundred. About two hundred of these *haciendas* are large ones, and they are owned by about seventy-five old Yucatecan families. These seventy-five families and their connections, who derive their great wealth from the dividends on the green gold which are cut for them by the great mass of the working classes of Yucatan, have intermarried and have invested their money in other resources of the State until they form a virtual oligarchy, subject nominally to the despotic governors whom Yucatan has had, but in reality usually appointing these governors and within limits controlling Yucatan as firmly as any oligarchy ever controlled any state in history. Thanks to the geographical isolation of Yucatan from the rest of Mexico and thanks to its independent wealth, this oligarchy virtually ruled the State as an independent nation up to some time after the downfall of Huerta. The members of this aristocracy of wealth were wont to leave their plantations in charge of superintendents to supervise the coupon-cutting from the investment in the green gold while the owners devoted most of their time to the limousine life in Paris, London, and New York. Occasionally they would return for a few months to their handsome homes along the Paseo de Montejo, that beautiful boulevard in Yucatan's beautiful capital, Merida, a city of seventy-five families of the "best people"—that is, the large landowners—and of seventy-five thousand other citizens.

Below this class is a small middle class, but seventy per cent or more of the people of Yucatan belong to the lowest class, the class of labor, and are entirely or largely Indian in blood. On the henequen ranches of the State are employed about twenty thousand laborers. These men live with their wives and children on the *haciendas*, which are virtually the subdivisions of the State, just as counties are the subdivisions of our States. Often the women and children help harvest the sisal. In the old days of the Diaz régime there was a profitable trade in rounding up Indians in northern Mexico and shipping them by train-load and boat-load to the slavery of the henequen ranches of Yucatan.

The aristocrats who owned these *haciendas* were not always directly to blame for this slavery. Often the system was adopted by their overseers, more or less without their knowledge. Still the *haciendados* were responsible, in the ultimate analysis, just as the stockholders in an American railway are ultimately responsible for the policy of the railway.

These planters thought that it paid them best to sell their product in the raw state to American manufacturers rather than to make it into twine in Yucatan. The greatest single buyer of the sisal hemp for years has been the International Harvester Company. Two years ago this corporation and the Plymouth Cordage Company were buying about eighty per cent of the million bales constituting about the recent average annual output of the "green gold mines" of Yucatan. A bale is from 380 to 400 pounds in weight.

Believing that the individual planter was at a disadvantage in selling his product to buyers who were well organized, four years ago several of the *henequeneros* (henequen planters) decided to band together for co-operative selling. The organization which they formed, with the help of the State Legislature, was called the *Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen*, and in theory its members were about all the planters in Yucatan. Also in theory the Reguladora acted as the representative of all the planters in determining the selling price of the hemp with the American buyers. But in practice it never worked out so. The agents and brokers of the International Harvester Company and of the Plymouth Cordage Company and the other buyers could always find enough planters willing to sell at the figure of the American corporations to frustrate the attempts of the Reguladora to fulfill the function which its name implies, for the planters had insufficient capital to enable them to withhold selling the henequen long enough to force the foreign buyers to come up to the Reguladora's asking price.

Such was the condition of affairs when Salvador Alvarado came to Yucatan early in 1915. Alvarado, with several thousand soldiers, was sent by Carranza to oust Governor Arguemedo, who had installed himself in the executive office by a shrewd *coup d'état*. As a reward for the successful accomplishment of his mission Alvarado was himself

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made Governor by Carranza. Now Alvarado is an unusual Mexican, as most men who know him admit, whether they agree with him or not. He is a natural social radical, heart, soul, and bones. Finding himself more or less isolated from the man who had appointed him, and in control of the only soldiers in Yucatan, he proceeded to put into effect many reforms which had been advocated by Carranza and some others, which were part of Alvarado's own private conception of the social millennium. But in order to do these things money was necessary, and in Yucatan money is henequen. The obvious thing to do was to put himself in control of the henequen crop, and Alvarado did it.

As a machine to accomplish his ends he found the *Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen* ready to hand. The Reguladora had not been regulating, but when Alvarado took hold of it it began to regulate very quickly. The machinery had been failing because the planters had not been putting their combined power behind it. Alvarado forced them to get behind it, and he borrowed $10,000,000 from American bankers as working capital, whereupon the Reguladora became as powerful and all-inclusive a piece of trade-controlling machinery as the world perhaps has ever seen.

Every planter was forced to contract to sell his henequen to the Reguladora for five years by the simple expedient of forcibly preventing the shipment of all sisal from Yucatan which had not passed through the Commission. The planters were forced to lend money to the State Government—which was Alvarado—and were given bonds in the Reguladora in return.

Since Governor Alvarado established the Government sisal monopoly the price of hemp to the American manufacturer has risen greatly. In late November, 1915, when the monopoly was established securely, it was 6⅝ cents a pound. By the end of 1915 it had reached 7⅜ cents, and now it is 10⅜ cents. These figures are for New York. The figures for other American ports vary slightly. But do not fall into the error of believing that the Yucatecan planter got this price for his green gold. By no means. When the price was 6⅝ cents in the United States, the planter in Yucatan was getting 4⅝ cents, and about half of the residue was taken up by freight charges. Later the planter was given 5 cents as his share; and still later the price in New York rose to 10⅜ cents, of which the planter now receives 7 cents. That still leaves 3⅜ cents between the selling price in this country and the planter's share. Of this 3⅜ cents 1¼ cents goes out for freight between Progreso and New York. There remain to be deducted charges for marine insurance, warehouse insurance, and dock labor as well as a commission for the bankers who financed the Reguladora. It is difficult to estimate the exact total of these items, but there is left a small sum, perhaps more than a cent, perhaps less, on each pound of sisal still unaccounted for. This profit goes to the State of Yucatan. The enemies of Governor Alvarado say that this is his personal "rake-off." The Governor says that, in accordance with the rules of the Reguladora, this profit will be divided among the members of the Reguladora, which includes all the planters and himself. He said that this division would take place at the end of the first year of the Reguladora's operations. This year expired about the end of November. It remains to be seen on December 6, as this article goes to press, whether Alvarado will keep his promise to divide. Most of the planters have treated this promise as a joke.

Inasmuch as the Governor has raised the price of henequen received by the planter from 4⅝ cents a pound to 7 cents, it may not at first be apparent why the Governor is very unpopular with the planters. One reason is that, while he has increased the amount which the planter gets, he has also greatly increased the taxes which the planter must pay to the State; and another reason is that he has extracted forced loans from many of the planters, and otherwise dealt with them in an arbitrary manner. In short, what he has given to the planters with one hand he has taken away with the other. At the same time he has established a minimum wage which they must pay their laborers, has established an eight-hour day for all labor, and has forced each planter to establish on his *hacienda* a school large enough to provide for the education of all the children of that planter's employees.

I visited several henequen ranches in Yucatan. Some belonged to planters who supported the Governor, but most were the property of his private and political enemies.

A henequen plantation is a picturesque affair. If it is far from Merida, you run out to the railway station nearest the plantation

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in a motor car which travels on the railway track. This vehicle is very much like an ordinary automobile except that it is equipped with railway wheels. You leave this at the station and take a sort of small street car which is pulled on a track narrower than a street railway by a small and obstinate but apparently tireless mule. In this car, which holds a dozen people, the mule hauls you half a mile or three or four miles, as the case may be, to the *hacienda* buildings. This ranch railway is equipped with switches and is constantly crossing similar lines, penetrating in all directions into the vast plain of gray-green henequen which is all about you.

The henequen is usually grown from cuttings or sprouts called *hijos* (children). In the sixth year a few leaves are cut, just to help the plant grow. The first real cut of leaves is in the seventh year, and thereafter the plant is cut annually for from thirteen to eighteen years. By the time it is from twenty to twenty-five years old the plant has developed a hard, woody bar or pole which projects upwards from the center. The advent of this pole, called a *varejón*, means the end of the useful life of the plant.

On a well-kept plantation each plant is cut twice a year, a "ring" of leaves being cut each time. In all, from twenty to thirty leaves are taken from each plant annually, and every thousand leaves will yield seventy or eighty pounds of hemp.

A few years ago the henequen laborer rarely was paid more than fifty centavos (twenty-five cents gold) for each thousand leaves. But Governor Alvarado has fixed sixty centavos for each thousand leaves as the minimum wage of the State, and many ranches pay per thousand as much as a peso, or almost fifty cents gold, for the peso is practically at par in Yucatan, although greatly depreciated everywhere else in Mexico. As a good laborer can cut three thousand leaves a day, he can earn from ninety cents to a dollar and a half gold a day.

Each plantation in Yucatan has its own mill for stripping the hemp from the henequen. This is done by a machine which rips the pulp in each leaf away from the fibers which run the whole length of the leaf and which are the valuable part. The fibers are then dried, bleached, and pressed into bales, when they are shipped off to Merida or Progreso. Here the officials of the Reguladora weigh the bales, credit the planter with his seven cents a pound, and take charge of selling the finished hemp to American buyers.

The plantation mills which strip the hemp from the leaves are a revelation to an American. With some exceptions, in the United States it still seems to be an accepted tradition that a factory should appear ugly, dirty, and forlorn. The *hacienda* mills of Yucatan prove that there is no necessity for this, for they are clean and beautifully built structures of a kind of plaster or cement, covered with vines and surrounded with trees. Near by, across a well-trimmed lawn, is usually the spacious home of the *henequenero*, where, after your inspection of the ranch is completed, you slake your thirst with a drink from a cocoanut just torn from the tree by an agile native. Then you sit down to a never-to-be-forgotten meal consisting of the excellent fish of the Yucatan coast, *aguacate* salad, *tortillas*, and beans served as a kind of mush, which is indescribably better than anything that is ever done with beans in our country.

The mere fact that some American jobbers and middlemen have been eliminated from the henequen trade by the formation of the monopoly and that American manufacturers have been forced to pay a higher price for sisal is not a sufficient argument for the condemnation of the Reguladora. Nor is it a sufficient argument that the farmers of the United States had to pay $4,000,000 more for their twine in 1916 than in 1915, and may have to pay a further increase of several millions in 1917. We must look deeper than this.

After all, henequen is a product of Yucatan, and the first thing to be considered in judging the merits of the sisal controversy is the welfare of the State of Yucatan.

For the average Yucatecan Governor Alvarado's tight control of the henequen trade is a good thing. This is so because for the average Yucatecan Alvarado's administration is a good one, and the henequen monopoly is the very foundation of Alvarado's administration.

The establishment of the Alvarado régime has simply meant the substitution of a strong despotism for a nominal despotism controlled by the strings of an oligarchy. Before Alvarado came to Yucatan the real power in the State was the commercial and social oligarchy of the seventy-five richest families of henequen planters, that is, the "best people" of whom Americans hear much from aggrieved mem-

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bers of this aristocracy who have fled to the United States for protection from the "rabble."

Before Alvarado came to Yucatan the trend of the henequen market was largely determined by the International Harvester Company and the Plymouth Cordage Company, which bought about eighty per cent of the sisal output between them. Their agents and brokers in Yucatan seemed to have a working understanding; they quite naturally bought in accordance with the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and as these agents and brokers bought so went the market. In those days the price paid to the planters for their sisal was two and a half to six cents a pound —that is, from four and a half to one cent a pound less than they are getting now. But many of these planters were able to make a greater profit then than now, because then they were not forced to pay their labor so much as at present, then they were not forced to support schools for their employees, then they had less taxes than at present. In fact, in general, then there were fewer obligations demanded by the State of the *henequenero*.

It is just as plain why the average workingman supports Alvarado as it is why the average planter prays or plans for his downfall.

But whether he belongs to the larger class which has benefited by the Governor's administration, or to the smaller class which has suffered by it, every Yucatecan will tell you that the principle of the Reguladora is right.

The principle on which the Reguladora stands is simply the principle of organized production. It is the principle beneath the farmers' granges of our West, it is the principle back of the butter artels of Siberia, it is the principle on which, recently, in many large American cities markets have been organized where the farmers sell their products directly to the consumers to the advantage of both producers and consumers, and to the discomfort only of middlemen.

Every school-boy who has finished elementary economics knows that when the buyers organize the sellers must organize too.

The founders of the Reguladora had two things in mind: first to eliminate some middlemen and to sell their hemp as directly as possible to the twine manufacturers; and, second (and this they considered much more important), to organize the sellers of henequen so that they might get a good price from the organized buyers.

Before Alvarado reorganized the Reguladora the buyers of henequen were well organized, backed with much capital, and able to fight; the sellers of henequen were badly organized, without much capital, and unable to fight. Inevitably, therefore, the buyers had the better of the sellers in fixing the price of the green gold.

To a layman the present price of henequen seems justified by business conditions and the laws of trade. In February and March, 1902, when the henequen buyers were not so well organized as they later became, the price of sisal in New York was ten cents a pound, or only three-eighths of a cent less than it is to-day. Moreover, in determining the justice of the price of a product, usually a fair criterion is the price of the articles in competition with that product. The competitors of sisal hemp are New Zealand hemp and Manila hemp. In the opinion of experts, a fair price for sisal is a figure slightly less than the price of Manila, and about the same as the price for New Zealand. From early in 1908, part way into 1912, the price of sisal hemp in New York was never more than a cent below the price of "current" Manila, and in the early months of 1910 it was actually higher than "current" Manila, although in these years the sisal producers were unorganized.

To-day, with sisal hemp bringing 10⅜ cents a pound in New York, "current" Manila is bringing from 10⅝ to 11¼ cents a pound, while a pound of New Zealand fiber sells at from 11 to 12¼ cents.

Government ownership and Government regulation are terms that frighten few intelligent people to-day. Such people recognize that this is an age of organization, and that a monopoly is not condemned by calling it a monopoly, but only by further describing it as a bad monopoly.

It is not a sufficient condemnation of Carranza and Alvarado to assert that they have established a henequen monopoly in Yucatan. It is no condemnation at all. The fact is that in putting the henequen output under State control Carranza and Alvarado have done only what England and Germany have done with their resources in the crisis of war. And Mexico, it must be remembered, is still under military government. It is palpably illogical to criticise Carranza in one breath for not restoring order in Mexico, and to criticise him in the next breath for raising henequen to a price which even some Ameri-

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can experts have called reasonably fair in order to get money with which to restore order.

The question is not whether Government ownership and regulation is right or wrong, but whether the Government that is doing the owning and regulating is a good Government, and whether it is a Government which lends itself to the expression of the will of the people behind it.

The controversy over the merits of the Yucatan henequen monopoly really simmers down to the old question of good or bad government for Mexico.

Alvarado may or may not be a good Governor. It is the opinion of the writer, as stated in a former article, that, as Mexican rulers go, Alvarado is a good one, and that he is giving Yucatan the only form of government which can come to Mexicans from within while the country is in its present condition, namely, a benevolent despotism. But of course, from the point of view of Americans, an effective democracy is preferable to any despotism, however benevolent. So the controversy over the merits of Alvarado's administration is, after all, a side issue. The main issue, one in which all Americans ought to be interested, is the struggle so to raise the standard of intelligence and public integrity in Mexico that real representative government, as we understand the term in its essentials, may come to be established with a minimum of delay.

In the meantime, so long as there is not such a further increase in the price of henequen as seriously to interfere with our harvests—that is, so long as a fair price is charged for the sisal, and so long as our legal machinery is well oiled to prevent an infringement of our anti-trust laws by the selling activities of the Reguladora in this country—there seems no reason why the American public should become alarmed by the course of the henequen controversy. For, after all, it is not our henequen. It is the green gold of Yucatan.

GERMANY IN WAR TIME

BY MRS. H. H. GALLISON

This is the third and last of the series of articles by Mrs. Gallison describing her experiences in Germany during the summer of this year. The preceding articles will be found in the issues of The Outlook for November 29 and December 6.—THE EDITORS.

GERMANY, through the insurance legislation inaugurated by Bismarck, early laid the foundation for an Empire of organized prosperity that should never know the dire want of the London slums or the poverty-stricken East Sides of American cities. Previous to the war, statisticians from Continental Europe, England, and America frequently visited the Fatherland to study the German insurance system—to-day a proved boon—and to gain a comprehension of Germany's life-value, old age, accident, health, *Mutterschutz* (motherhood insurance), workman's compensation, and general welfare legislation. These foreign observers have often expressed the conviction that Germany might rightfully feel that absolute want had been organized out of existence within her boundaries.

The war, however, has created new problems. The established systems contribute greatly toward the internal economic strength of the Fatherland and mitigate its burdens. But what of the cripples, the maimed, and the blind? This misery affects Germany, as it does the other belligerents, and taxes statesmanship anew.

How does Germany prevent the crippled soldier, who in ages gone has been an almsgatherer, from becoming a burden to the state and himself? How can the Fatherland open up life to him again? How can it give limbs to the cripple, ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind, so that they can again rejoice in their manhood and take up successfully the fight for an existence? What the scientific world here and in Europe has produced the German Government utilizes, and again its genius for system makes smooth the way.

Broken of body and spirit, the badly damaged soldier is a double problem. The Government sets out to reclaim him, first, by restoring through care and nursing his general well-being, and then by instilling new hope. Definite steps are recognized in the reclamation programme: recuperation of

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health, kindling new ambitions, energizing the will, employment during convalescence, counseling the patient on his future occupation, reviewing the elementary educational factors, training him in the vocation selected, and guaranteeing him employment.

The nurses may feel sympathy, but may not show it. The early stages of nursing past, even while in bed the soldiers are employed with papers of various colors and cardboards, and are led to make ornamental or useful things, games and toys for children; to carve wooden kitchen utensils or little objects of art; to braid twine; and to make bags, mats, and nets. Thus they are taught to combat the ever-recurring question, "What is to become of me?" All the encouragement of competition is afforded by exhibitions and sales of their products. Materials and tools are given to them, and the fruit of their work is, of course, also their own.

While the soldier is thus occupied advisers come to him and, with infinite tact and kindness, suggest to him, if he cannot possibly take up his old occupation, to consider what new work he would like best to undertake. As soon as he is up and walks about, training in his former occupation begins or the rudiments of his new vocation are taught him. All soldiers, no matter what their future work will be, receive lessons in the general branches of education, German composition, simple bookkeeping—their boyhood schooling being thus reviewed with the aim of making the knowledge serviceable anew. Readings are given in courses adapted to each group of beginners and for each trade or profession. Those who wish it can study foreign languages or attend lectures on special topics.

Of course the idea is to enable the badly damaged soldier to follow his old vocation. When that is impossible, he receives gratuitously special training in his new work. For instance, I was present when a clerk, his sight having been seriously impaired, was advised to become a farmer and a course of studies was planned for him. He was to learn farm accounting, planting of grains and truck, fruit culture, plant diseases and pest preventions, the science of soil culture, stock-raising, dairying, the fattening of goats, sheep, fowl, and pigs, marketing the produce, and the essentials of farm machinery and its use. The course was to be made interesting by practical illustrations or films and by actual experience on the land. A position or an opportunity was guaranteed him upon the completion of the course.

Each soldier is carefully prepared to take up his new work, and any manual training school, school of mechanic arts, university, or other educational institution is open to him. Many a man who had to earn his living before the war by manual labor to-day realizes his dream of a university education. This is the general scheme. The deaf, the blind, and the crippled are, as each case permits, subjected to this régime. During all this time the soldiers' families are provided for by the Government, *Frauenvereine*, and relief clubs.

The deaf are made to "hear" by their eyes, by lip-reading. "Hearing" is thus restored to them by a three months' course. I visited the three grades that compose the curriculum, and was surprised to see how readily the ability to converse is regained by the soldiers. They are taught by pictures and blackboard drawings, in easy stages, how the sounds of the letters, of words, and eventually of sentences are formed by the lips, tongue, palate, and larynx. I was able to converse with the members of the graduating class, who could lip-read so well that it was hard to believe that they had lost their hearing.

Perhaps the most humanly interesting experience in the two lower grades was to note the frank delight of the soldiers when they found that they could convey the sounds they could not hear. With what patience did they watch a slow comrade; how complete their satisfaction when he too was able to repeat the exercises, or, in the second class, to convey the contents of the short stories that were systematically built up to keep nimble the soldier's brains!

The members of the senior class were very much interested when I told them that I was an American at home on a short visit. I asked them about themselves. Not one would vouchsafe why he had received the Iron Cross. What splendid men they were! What thoroughly good faces! What sturdy characters! What a pilgrimage this was to me! The atmosphere of the school, its struggle, its perseverance, and its human conquest took me off my feet.

The blind are made to "see" by their hands, and, "seeing," to take their part in the world's work. This was shown me in a home for the blind in Frankfort. A wealthy lady had given her house. It was a large mansion, situated in an expansive garden at

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one end of which a spacious garden-house was turned into workshops. The director of this home was himself blind. He told me that America surpassed Germany in her treatment of the blind. America had even progressed so far that she taught different sports to them; Germany had not yet attempted that.

The soldiers were taught to read and write again; then to pursue their newly chosen calling. Carpentry, cabinetwork, weaving mats, tuning pianos—these, the usual occupations of the blind, were being practiced. Many of the blind soldiers were, however, being employed in the munition factories. A number were studying at the universities. The case of an officer who was studying law at Leipzig, his wife accompanying him to his lectures, especially interested me as a brave struggle against great odds.

I shall never forget a blind young sculptor. In a somewhat larger and airier room, where I found several remarkable portrait busts and *bas-reliefs*, some completed and some unfinished, the director explained that one of his pupils had been an engraver before the war, and that, to amuse him, they had sent him to a well-known sculptor, who was willing to have him work in clay. He soon had shown such skill in handling the material and copying any model put before him that he had aroused his professor's enthusiasm. The sculptor had instantly, upon his discovery, assumed the responsibility of guaranteeing him a good living in this most exacting art.

During the recital the door opened and the hero of the story himself entered with a laughing face. He had just returned from the studio. He shook hands and poured out to me all his exuberant joy at the realization of his heart's desire, which the war and the loss of his sight had brought him. Though he did not show his affliction, he was not handsome; but, in spite of loss of sight and beauty, he radiated the sunniest expression and the joy of a spiritual triumph.

My friends could understand that I might want to visit the deaf or the blind, for at least the loss of one of the senses, they thought, left these unfortunates less able to react to a stranger's betrayal of pity—the pity that fills your eyes or puts a lump in your throat, whether you will it or not. "But visit the maimed, whose every sense is as keen as your own! How can you do it? Though you try to fight off sympathy in their presence," they said, "how your heart will be wrung when you see the badly crippled—maimed men! How will or can you bear it?" And I thought my friends were right. But how mistaken were we!

It is to the genius of Professor Dr. Biesalski, her foremost orthopedist, that Germany owes many of her successes in her reclamation of damaged manhood. Under his supervision schools have been placed by the Government throughout the country for the crippled. His remarkable personality dominates them, and their principals look to him for inspiration and guidance. I doubt whether any other man is so revered by his profession. He is one of the greatest idealists I have ever met, a man of few words, tremendous energy, and enormous capacity for work. His watchwords are "will," "perseverance," and "no sympathy." Professor Dr. Biesalski made it possible for me to see his special institution, the Oscar Helenen Heim, near Berlin, where in times of peace he prepared for the sublime work of redeeming and remaking men after they have been pitifully wounded.

He is aided by the unusually brilliant Director Hans Wuertz, a pedagogical genius who is able to invent for each new problem a new way of teaching. The impossible is made possible by the co-operation of these two men, and the seed of their achievements is bearing fruit in institutions elsewhere.

Professor Dr. Biesalski's theory is to develop and train the stump. The cripple is first taught to use it, and it is wonderful how the stump can be made to do almost anything. If the patient perseveres, the stump develops the same sense of feeling that exists in the fingers. I saw a teacher who had one arm taken off above, the other below, the elbow. Consequently he had one long and one short stump. He seemed to do everything that a teacher usually does with his hands. I saw him pick up a small piece of chalk, go to the blackboard with it, and write on it the arithmetic examples for his class.

The soldiers who perhaps do not have the time to develop their stump are provided with special apparatus. Dr. Biesalski straps or screws on the tools of the particular trade in which the soldier is to be employed. These are called *Prothesen*. With the help of these a man without an artificial limb or a man without hands can be trained to do a great deal of manual labor. All the tools of

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a carpenter, locksmith, or gardener are made available for the disabled soldier.

In one of the other homes for the crippled there was a soldier who had lost one arm. He had been promised an artificial hand. He was a big, strapping fellow, a carpenter by trade. He had been depressed, brooding over the long, useless life that lay before him. They came to him with half a dozen of these *Prothesen*. One at a time they were screwed to his stump and he was shown how to use the tools of his trade. The radiant expression of the face of that young giant when he saw and was convinced that he could continue in his life's work was overwhelming. Sad! How could one be sad? Does not such experience, one such glimpse of heaven, encourage even the most tried soul?

How often when I was on the road, rushing from one city to another, trying to find the place where the people were starving or going to bed hungry, did I think of the Copenhagen lady who said that I could not travel in the Fatherland. How easily did I travel and how punctual were the trains! Only once was my train late at its destination, and then only ten minutes. How crowded the trains were! Half of the coaches were always reserved for the soldiers, and often there were so many soldiers that some had to be accommodated in the sections reserved for civilians.

Life in the cities appeared to be as usual, with the exception of the many soldiers whom one encountered at every step in the streets, in the cafés and restaurants, in the theaters, at the concerts, in the art museums, picture galleries, and churches. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere!

Involuntarily I asked myself a hundred times, "How is it possible to have this terrible fighting on such immense fronts with all these soldiers at home?" A boy of eighteen, six feet tall, broad-shouldered and strong, probably saw in my face the question why he was not at the front. He told me that he was ordered by the Government to help bring in the harvest. He had twice volunteered and had been refused, because the Government would no longer permit the men of his age to enlist as volunteers. His cousin, nineteen, had tried to enlist in over thirty-seven regiments; had traveled from one end of Germany to the other, all in vain; they must wait, he said, until the Government should call out the nineteen and eighteen-year-old classes. Thousands upon thousands of soldiers were called from the front, out of the trenches, to go home and help with the harvest.

At every railway station soldiers were coming and going. Such strong, sunburned faces! I felt like thanking each one of them singly for fighting for the Fatherland; for keeping the enemy away from the fields rich with an abundant harvest; for defending the land of German *Kultur*, the home of music and the kindergarten, of universal old-age insurance and the *Mutterschutz*, of the municipal theaters and operas that offer to the poorest the richest gems and compositions of all nations, the land of the "cities beautiful," the state of the Greek ideal of "one for all."

Once, when the question that is in every one's heart was asked, "When will there be peace?" a soldier proudly raised his head and, firmly grounding his gun, replied with that strange, distant look, "Just as soon as we can obtain honorable conditions."

Again, as I sat in a forest inn built on a height that overlooked groves, meadows, and fields, a band of fourteen slightly wounded soldiers arrived. I sent word to mine host to treat them to anything they might desire, and, after a while, sat down among them, and we questioned each other. They had all been wounded in the Battle of the Somme. There were three barbers, a butcher, several day laborers, several factory hands, a locksmith, two sailors, and a chimney-sweep among them. They were quartered in the magnificent sanitarium at Nauheim, Germany's most celebrated watering-place, and were being fêted, as all the soldiers are. I asked them if they liked to be there. "Oh, yes," said one; "it is all right, but it is better at the front; we wish to return." They were of the same company. One of them had been buried three times by mine explosions. Another had been taken prisoner with twenty others and had been placed in the conduct of two black savages. It was late in the afternoon, and as darkness came on they had all managed to escape, hiding in woods and crawling for two days and nights on all fours, until at last they were back within the German lines.

It was interesting to hear them speak of their different enemies. They praised the Canadians and the French as brave and worthy foemen. They laughed at the idea that the English could break through at the

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Somme. "We fight Russians, French, English, Canadians, Australians, and savages. Let them come on; we are always ready for them."

I used to ask myself, "How is it possible that the soldiers can retain their refinement and breeding, their thoughtfulness and warm sympathy for those behind the reeking front, exposed to the bestializing influences of the war?" Truly, it seems that the gold of human worth is tested in the firing-line. I had many a proof of this, as when some young soldiers of perhaps twenty or twenty-one called on my brother and his wife to condole with them on the death of their only son, who had been their comrade. They were strangers to this household; their mission was a difficult one even for older men among friends. Yet these mere boys, just come from the trenches, displayed such delicacy of feeling, such innate sweetness, that they won a respite for the souls of the grief-stricken parents. And the splendid letters that brought comfort from the front to the dear ones at home, messages written beneath the fury of fire and under the sickle of death! (O ye magnificent Huns and barbarians!)

I saw much mourning in Germany. It is not true that the Government has prohibited this outward expression of grief. I heard no complaints. I was not permitted to feel their grief, but I was allowed to see the proud joy they felt in having one, two, three, four, or more sons to give to their country. One widow said, "My husband followed the call of his King. He died a hero. I must be a heroine and take up his work and bring up my children in the fear of God, so that, when I am called before my heavenly King, I may be worthy to join my husband."

When, during the first year of the war, the newspaper despatches of the Allies would have us believe that the German people had risen in rebellion and that the Kaiser and the Kronprinz were to be dethroned as the special object of the "Revolution," I marveled at the prospect. I needed not to seek the answer in Germany; it was everywhere given, hot with the indignation of outraged loyalty and the great love that the common people bear the Emperor. The Fatherland blesses him for his vigilance, honors him for the purity of his domestic life, follows enthusiastically his stimulating genius, is grateful to him for the intellect that has led Germany to the forefront of modern business, and loves him as a sincere and pious servant of his God and his country.

Nothing can convince the German people that this war is not their own, fostered and begun by England's jealousy of Germany's trade and her traditional policy of brooking no swiftly growing naval rival. Everywhere unanimously they proclaim that this is a *Vertheidigungs und Volkskrieg* (war of the people in defense of their homes).

The suggestions of a "Prussian military party," or of a militarist clique that dominates the Kaiser, or of which the Kaiser and Kronprinz are the leaders, they set down as the obviously dishonest statement of Germany's enemies. The people presume that we in America naturally ignore it, that any student of history would know that the causes were real and of consequence, and that the war had long been in the making. If anything, they deplore that some such party had not existed that might have forestalled the world war by a certain triumph against England when international affairs would have favored it. It is the man in the street who speaks impatiently of Germany's lost opportunities to strike the arch-plotter against her prosperity—as at the time of the Boer War or the Agadir incident. He is prone to blame the Kaiser's mild régime and his idealistic striving for international peace.

The people are vexed with the Kaiser, not for his harshness, but for his leniency. When they clamored for a more vigorous prosecution of the U-boat war, it was the Kaiser who influenced the War Council for the present policy. And yet, though they may differ with him, they nigh adore him.

There is not a German in the Kaiser's coat who does not account it an honor to have served his military term and to have been in readiness when his country needed him. May that spirit be emulated by my fellow-Americans: to give to their country—even if it be two years of universal military training—this proof of love, call it "militarism" or "Prussianism" if you will! The hour may come when the mothers of America will bless them for it.

My most intimate friends in America had at various times spoken to me about the hatred of the German people. They had mentioned the "Song of Hate" and "Gott Strafe England!" I had answered, saying that the "Song of Hate" is a lyrical expression of strong but pure feeling, by a writer unknown until then in Germany; while the well-known English poet Watson's "Song of Hate" against the German Emperor is one

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verse of "hell"-ish abuse after another. Both songs inspired by hate; one pure and lofty, the other low in its vehemence and rage.

In all my journeyings I talked with the people and intentionally spoke of the war, of the French, the English, and the Russians. I never succeeded in arousing any expressions of hatred. They would mention bitterly the cruelty of not feeding the German soldiers who had been taken prisoners until they reached their prison camp (while the first thing Germany did was to feed her prisoners before leading them off), and they would say that they wished Germany would retaliate; but there was no tone of hatred in their voices. In a good-humored way, I heard it said more than once, "We have to spank England harder," or, "We have to force England to her knees." But this was only saying, "We must conquer the enemy."

I conversed with many officers and common soldiers, and tried again and again to make them say they hated their enemies. I never succeeded. It was always, "The poor fellows!" if they spoke of the wounded or the prisoners. Even of the black and yellow hordes that the French and English use they said: "They are savages; they never have had a chance, they don't know any better; it is their racial instinct to mutilate."

To one officer I said, "I believe you are incapable of hating." He retorted: "What do you mean? Hate all the time, hate continually? If you mean that, then you are right. Neither I nor my comrades hate our enemies. When there is a fight we fight, and we strike as hard as possible, because we fight to win. The moment the fighting is over we have only good will towards them and pity." Then he reminded me of last Christmas Day at Ypres. They were opposite the English. Both sides had agreed not to fight, and had left the trenches and met on "No Man's Land" to exchange buttons and trinkets, and to share their tobacco and their food.

Every day I read several newspapers. First the German official news is given, followed by the French, English, Russian, Italian, Austrian, and Turkish official reports. All are quoted verbatim. It is not true that the German people are kept in the dark as to the progress of their enemies or their announcements. Then the usual articles or "leaders" on economic or governmental topics follow. Next the reports of the Reichstag, reports from America, all written in a calm, objective way. Not a word of hatred, no abusive language; the enemy is dispassionately discussed. I could not help thinking of the malice, hate, and abuse of many of our "conservative and respected" dailies—of the French and English press. Every Sunday I attended church, and always I listened to war sermons. The enemy was spoken of with respect. Again I had to think of some sermons that I had listened to in America, where the pulpit is used to slander the Kaiser and his people.

Germany naturally feels bitter towards America because of the export of munitions, and yet one feels a desire to be friends with America. In all my traveling and meeting daily people in all walks of life, friends or total strangers, I heard America accused but thrice. On the first occasion I left the house at the threshold, because the accusations of my country met me even at greeting. Another time my hostess heeded my protest and the visit ended agreeably. The third time I happened to be spending the day at a convent. That encounter is indelibly impressed upon my mind.

I had been invited by the Sister Superior of one of Germany's greatest charitable orders to join the older nuns at coffee on the veranda, to tell them of my journey and my country.

Hardly had I been introduced and seated when a venerable nun arose unbidden and transfixed me with flaming eyes and accusing finger. I was overwhelmed at the majestic splendor of her poise and agonized countenance, and for an instant dreaded that I might cower before this figure. As I grasped the arms of my chair and bent forward, master of myself and ready to meet the impending storm, she raised her voice, trembling with emotion: "You! You from America! How could you enter here? How could you dare to profane the soil of our beloved Fatherland, you that would sacrifice it to the enemy?" Her passion mounting higher, her face blanching under the strain of her emotion, she continued breathlessly to pour forth her torrent of abuse, every word wrung in anguish from the depths of her being: "Your countrymen—at peace with us—give the tools of death to our enemies! American arms and bullets lay the sons of Germany low, thousands upon thousands. You destroy the homes of German mothers, the fathers of children. For what? You are not at war with us. Has shame

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fled from your hearts? Has the taint of blood-money destroyed your consciences? My brothers! Ye murdered dead! God forgive my hate of you! Your country! Oh, how I hate the Americans for their calm and soulless slaughter of my people!" With a moan, her breath that instant failing, she paused.

I had expected that such passion could not beat on forever; I seized the moment. To the encouragement of the quavering smiles of her sisters for pardon I spoke, low, incisively, swiftly, the very moderation of my voice holding her spellbound in turn. Gently, I told her of the countless noble deeds that some—ay, many—Americans were doing for the Germans; of the whole-souled sacrifices of many of German blood who were true sons of their new land. I told her of my oldest and dearest friends in America, pro-Allies, a few of whom honestly believed that the Germans were fiends, Huns, and barbarians, who knew that I was proud of my German stock, and who had nevertheless given me generously for the widows and orphans of the Fatherland. As I went on, adding incident after incident of our charity and humanity, her face relaxed, her uplifted arm sank down, her eyes filled, and then, as I ended, with streaming tears she came to me, took my hand, and said, so humbly: "God bless you for that! I thank you for what you have told me. Thank God, I can now think differently of America and Americans!"

Throughout Germany among the people I found a great, great longing for peace. Peace, if it could be had now on honorable terms; if not, then they would *durchhalten* and fight until they had won it. That same great longing for peace was expressed in touching words in the letters which great numbers of Russian, French, and English prisoners received from their families. If what I heard in Germany and in the cries of these letters be proof, Europe is heartsick of the war.

I mentioned to a high official the calm fortitude I perceived everywhere in Germany and the elevated tone of the newspapers. He said: "Yes, you are right. We are calm, because we squarely face the issue. You will never find hatred and abuse in our papers. We are calm and quiet. Do you know why our enemies use abusive language? Because their conscience is not clean. We have a perfectly clear conscience, and that gives us our inner peace and strength. We can fight on for victory because our spirit is well armed."

To him I spoke of the problems of peace. He answered: "Our peace mobilization is ready. We are prepared in such a way that Germany can mobilize her forces of peace as smoothly and quickly as her forces of war, and her machinery will run full blast twenty-four hours after the final truce is begun."

I left Germany with a great peace in my heart. I left it with gratitude for what it had given me in my childhood and youth, and with greater gratitude for these ten weeks of uplifting experiences and impressions behind the front. I returned to America determined to show myself worthy of what Germany, magnificent in her united sacrifice and espousal of human faith, has done for me by giving more than ever the best within me to my work here.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, October, 1916

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THE READER'S VIEW

THE FRUITS OF PRAYER

God lets men work with him. God works through men. He lets them help him run the universe; and ofttimes he lets his mills grind slowly in order that men may better understand and may superintend the process. The mystery of suffering and of inequality in this world of human souls may, we believe, be explained along this line. God believes that it is better that man should have a part in setting the world right, and so he waits for man to bear his part.

And so we believe that the most important effect of true prayer is not so much to bring God down to minister to man's needs, be they great or small, but prayer lifts man up nearer to God, so that he thinks as God thinks, he sees as God sees, he purposes as God purposes. The divine spirit breathed into his soul enables him to rise above the passing things of life, and out of his labors and burdens and defeats he builds "the ladder leaning on the cloud." Prayer should not so much bring God down to man as it should lift man up toward God.

Orange, Connecticut. E. L. C.

CHRISTMAS AT RIIS HOUSE

For weeks we have been planning for Christmas. We have ordered a great big tree and have asked Santa Claus to be sure that no little girl of doll age is left childless, and that every little boy finds what he most wants to find in Santa Claus's sack. We are also planning to have parties for the mothers, big boys and girls, and the little tots—parties where there is ice-cream, and where Italians, Jews, Irish, Greeks, and even our one little Chinese maiden, all come together in the spirit of love and goodwill to have a merry Christmas time.

They all have gifts for their new country, if we could but know how to accept them. Sometimes, because we do not understand, the gifts they bring are broken and thrown away, and ugly things grow and flourish in their place.

This is the season when we don't try to be wise or organized or economical or any of the other things we know we ought to be, and are all the rest of the year.

The summer with its scourge of poliomyelitis has gone and left us with a record of not a single case among the members of our big settlement family. This we should consider a happy accident were it not for the same report coming from all the New York settlements of which we have inquired. Why have the women and children, the boys and girls, belonging to settlement activities escaped when the disease raged in their neighborhoods? Is it because they develop a social spirit which made them ready to follow the advice and instruction given in the early summer? Whatever it is, the fact remains and has made us feel that the day has not yet come when we can give over all our work to the school centers.

Perhaps we ought to tell you that we are very poor, but we hate to cloud Christmas with mercenary difficulties. Since October 1 it has been hard to get money for needs at home. We would not divert one cent from the sufferers in Europe, but isn't there enough for both home and abroad? The dragon of the East Side still stalks in New York.

May we count on you to be an early Santa Claus and make our Christmas come true? Remember, when you have a family of fourteen hundred it takes time to get ready, especially when so many of your children have marked preferences and desires.

Riis House sends Christmas greetings to The Outlook readers.

MARY RIIS
(Mrs. Jacob A. Riis).

The Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement,
48 Henry Street, New York City.

THE HAZEL TWIG

The Outlook in the issue of September 6, in commenting on "The Moon and the High Cost of Living" by Lewis Edwin Theiss in an earlier issue, makes a digression to attack "another superstition," the belief that the presence of water underground is indicated by the action of a hazel twig.

Did the writer in The Outlook of September 6, or did John Fiske, both of whom so lightly dismiss as a "myth" the practice of finding water by means of a hazel twig, ever try the experiment? The experiment is not a difficult one to try, and the verification of the claim of its virtue is comparatively easy. The writer has held a forked peach twig and seen it point downward at certain places and not at others, and this not only without his volition, but against his effort. If the twig was grasped tightly enough to preclude its turning in his hands, it bent. He never personally proved that water was to be found at the place indicated, but others have. An intelligent man, a college graduate, and by no means a man of "granitic mind," well known to the writer, repeatedly "found water." He did not attempt to explain his power, but he accepted it, as did many others who often called upon him to exercise it in their service. He accepted no pay for "finding water," but did it as a neighborly favor. He was not superstitious; but when he saw a giraffe at the circus, he did not say, like The Out—I mean the farmer—"There ain't no such animal."

W. S. CROUSE.

Denton, Maryland.

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BY THE WAY

The picture in The Outlook of November 22 of Governor George W. P. Hunt, of Arizona, was wrongly headed "Re-elected." The official review of the returns, we are informed, shows that Thomas E. Campbell, the Republican candidate, was elected by a majority of fifty-five votes, notwithstanding the fact that practically the entire Democratic ticket in Arizona led by a large majority. The matter may be taken to the courts.

The subscriber who sends the above correction also says that the maintenance of order during the Clifton strike of some months ago (credit for which was given to Governor Hunt) was due principally to the fact that Arizona has prohibition, and consequently there was no liquor in the Clifton camp to act as a riot-breeder.

Wireless telegraphic communication has been opened with Japan. President Wilson sent the first message, expressing the hope that this wonderful event might "confirm the unbroken friendship of our two nations." The Japanese Emperor responded with a similar expression of good will. The commercial rate for messages by wireless between California and Japan will be eighty cents a word.

Witchcraft still has a hold on the popular mind, even in enlightened America. A news item in the Philadelphia "North American" tells of the acquittal of a man charged with arson at Pottsville, his excuse being that he was obsessed with a black "hex" or "witch cat." He carried with him as a talisman a silver bullet, but its charms did not affect the "hex" on this occasion, for the man set fire to a row of houses of which he was himself the owner.

A writer in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" says that the famous college "snake dance" originated quite by accident, about twenty years ago, at the celebration of the golden anniversary of Cambridge as a chartered city. Crowding and jostling in the ranks of the student body in the parade caused a swaying movement, and instinctively the marchers struck up the "snake dance." That happy accident in '98, the contributor to the "Bulletin" avers, was the origin of the zigzag march that is now so picturesque a feature of college students' celebrations.

A bulletin issued by the Irish Department of Agriculture, as quoted by an exchange, says that it has been found, as the result of experiments, that pigs thrive better on uncooked than on cooked food. This, in a way, justifies the indifference of the hog-raiser in a well-known story. The professor had said to him, while watching him feed his hogs uncooked food, "If you would cook that stuff, the hogs would digest it in half the time." "What's a hog's time worth?" was the unfeeling reply. And now science justifies empiricism!

Encouragement to the struggling editor may be found in the newspaper announcement that "Arthur Brisbane, editor, to-day purchased seven lots on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Third Street at a price of about $250,000. The purchase is intended solely as an investment."

The two sections of a new tunnel under the East River, connecting New York City and Brooklyn, have just met, completing the drive. The tunnel is notable because in its construction not a single workman was lost from the "bends," or caisson disease; because the work was completed ten months ahead of the time set; and because the two shafts met in the center of the river within three-quarters of an inch of the calculations. A lunch was served to the 1,200 "sand hogs" who worked in the tubes on the day the two gangs of workmen met, in celebration of the event.

One of the great athletic events of the year 1916, says "Good Health," was the run of one hundred miles between Chicago and Milwaukee, made in fourteen hours by Sydney Hatch. The best previous time was eighteen hours. Mr. Hatch, it is stated, is an abstainer from alcohol and tobacco, and has never developed "athletic heart," though he has done much running and is thirty-four years old.

Terra-cottas by Luca della Robbia, candlesticks by Sansovino, an incense-burner by Il Riccio—an auction sale with items like these seems to bring the Renaissance pretty near to Fifth Avenue. The treasures were brought from Florence by Professor Volpi, and were sold in New York City the other day. The incense-burner, made of bronze and twenty-three inches high, brought the record price of $66,000.

The "Bookman" of December calls attention to a slip on the part of a New York "Sun" reviewer who said that the allusion in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Patience" to "Howells and James young men" referred to the American novelists W. D. Howells and Henry James! The "Bookman" says that "Howells and James" was the firm name of "a very fastidious London tailoring establishment." The fact is, as ascertained by reference to the authorized vocal score, that the firm's name was *Howell* and James—

"A Sewell and Cross young man,
A Howell and James young man,
A pushing young particle—what's the next article—
Waterloo House young man,"

and these young men are described in a footnote as "clerks connected in large dry-goods establishments."

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